THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 6, 1915 — 5c. THE COPY

PAINTED BY
CHARLES FREDERICK NAEGELE

Economy and Efficiency in the Federal Government—By Former President William H. Taft

The Truck Question

The truck question is a big question. The attempt to solve it has driven many manufacturers to bankruptcy and caused many users to become utterly discouraged.

To install the right truck—the truck adapted to your service—means greater efficiency in your business and a reduction in your operating expenses. A wrong installation means less efficiency and increased expenses.

The General Motors Truck Company makes a complete line of both gasoline and electric trucks—capacities ranging from 1000 pounds to 6 tons. We have installed trucks in most all lines of business in all parts of the country. Our experience enables us to give you sound advice as to the size and kind of trucks most profitable for you to use. If you can't use trucks profitably we'll tell you so. Our small profit—viewing the matter from a selfish standpoint—would not overbalance the bad effects of a dissatisfied customer.

Ours is the largest exclusive truck factory in the world and we are the only manufacturers of a complete line of both gasoline and electric trucks. Write us freely and frankly and we will help you solve the truck question as it pertains to your business.

You'll agree the answer is ***GMC*** Trucks.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO

One of the Units of General Motors Company

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Direct Factory Branches: *New York, Detroit, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco*

Gasoline

Chassis Prices

Capacity	Price
1500 lbs.	$1090
1¼ Tons	1500
2 Tons	1900
3½ Tons	2500
3½ Tons	2500
5 Tons	3000
5 Tons	3000

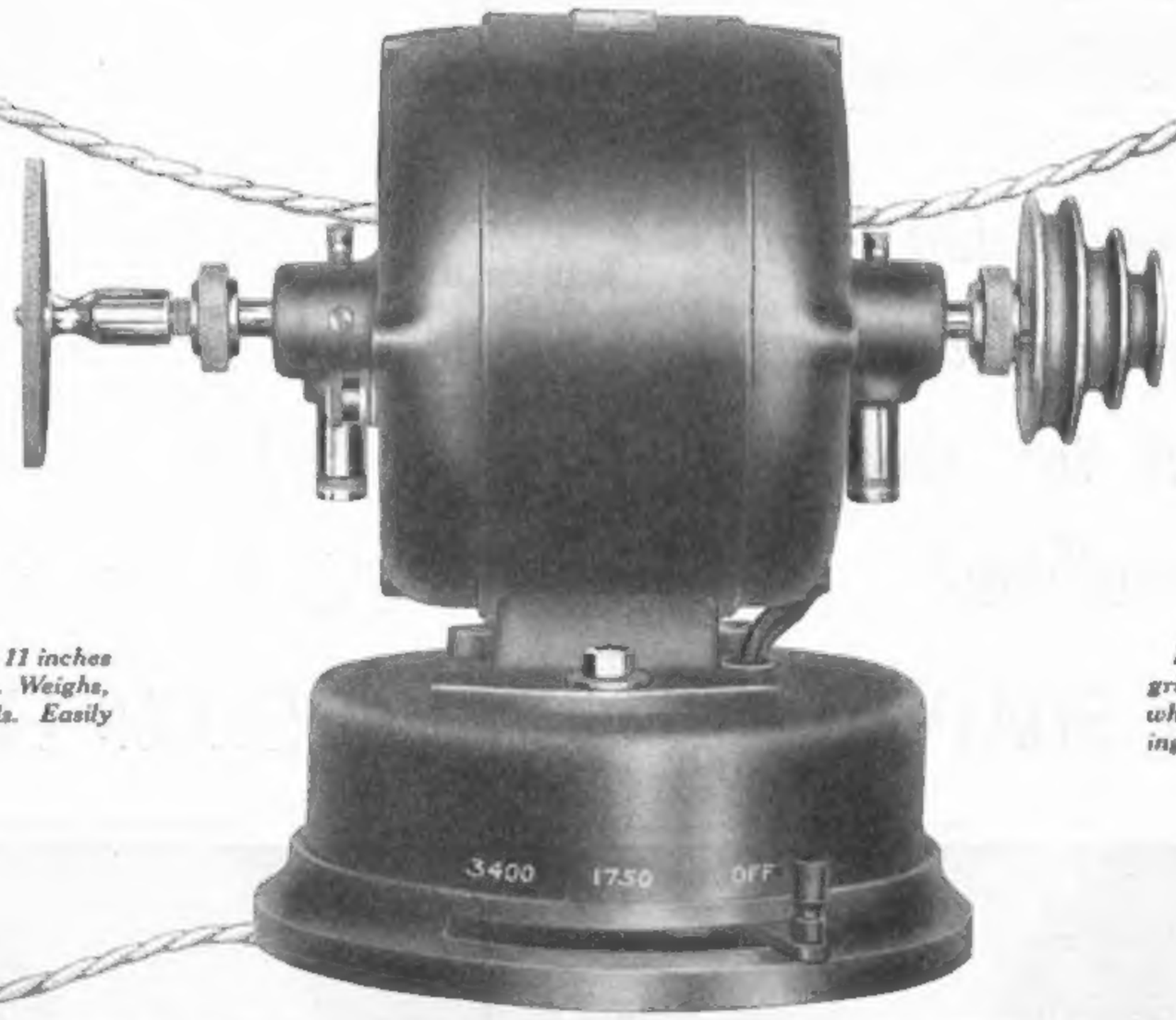
GMC
GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS

Electric

Chassis Prices

(Without battery)

Capacity	Price
1000 lbs.	$1200
2000 lbs.	1300
3000 lbs.	1450
4000 lbs.	1650
6000 lbs.	1900
8000 lbs.	2100
10000 lbs.	2350
12000 lbs.	2500



This motor stands 11 inches high, including base. Weighs, complete, 40 pounds. Easily carried about.

Furnished complete with grinding, buffing and brush wheels, and chucks for mounting them. Any current.

An All 'round Small Motor

For the Home—For Jewelers—For Dentists

Let this little 1-6 horsepower Robbins & Myers Electric Motor work for you.

In the home it will buff the silverware, grind and polish the cutlery, and drive all the various home machines.

In the jeweler's shop it will do the buffing and grinding and furnish the power for the lathe, drill and other power appliances the jeweler uses.

In the dental office it is equally efficient and economical for the hundred-and-one grinding, buffing and other operations requiring clean, dependable power.

Each of these Robbins & Myers Motors is furnished complete with buffing, grinding and brush wheels, a three-step pulley for belt, and a set of four chucks for mounting the various attachments. Supplied for any commercial direct or alternating current circuit. No fussy directions. Simply connect it to any lamp socket and turn on the current.

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A Robbins & Myers Motor will save you time, and will give far better results in every way than the old-fashioned hand or foot power method of driving small machines.

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Remember that Robbins & Myers Co. are the World's largest exclusive manufacturers of small motors. Nineteen years' experience and immense manufacturing facilities guarantee you the best in quality and service.

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Whenever possible, customers are referred to Robbins & Myers dealers. We help the dealer in every way.

The Robbins & Myers line includes standard motors for all commercial direct and alternating circuits. All sizes—from 1-40 to 15 horsepower. Especially adapted to requirements of dealers who handle small electric motors. Write today for selling plan on this well-advertised line. It will surely interest you.

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SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

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Ivory Soap lathers freely but rinses easily.

Cleanses thoroughly but does not injure.

A solid, lasting cake but floats.

Unsurpassed for bath and toilet, yet equally satisfactory in the laundry and around the house.

As good soap as can be made, yet costs but a few cents a cake.

IVORY SOAP

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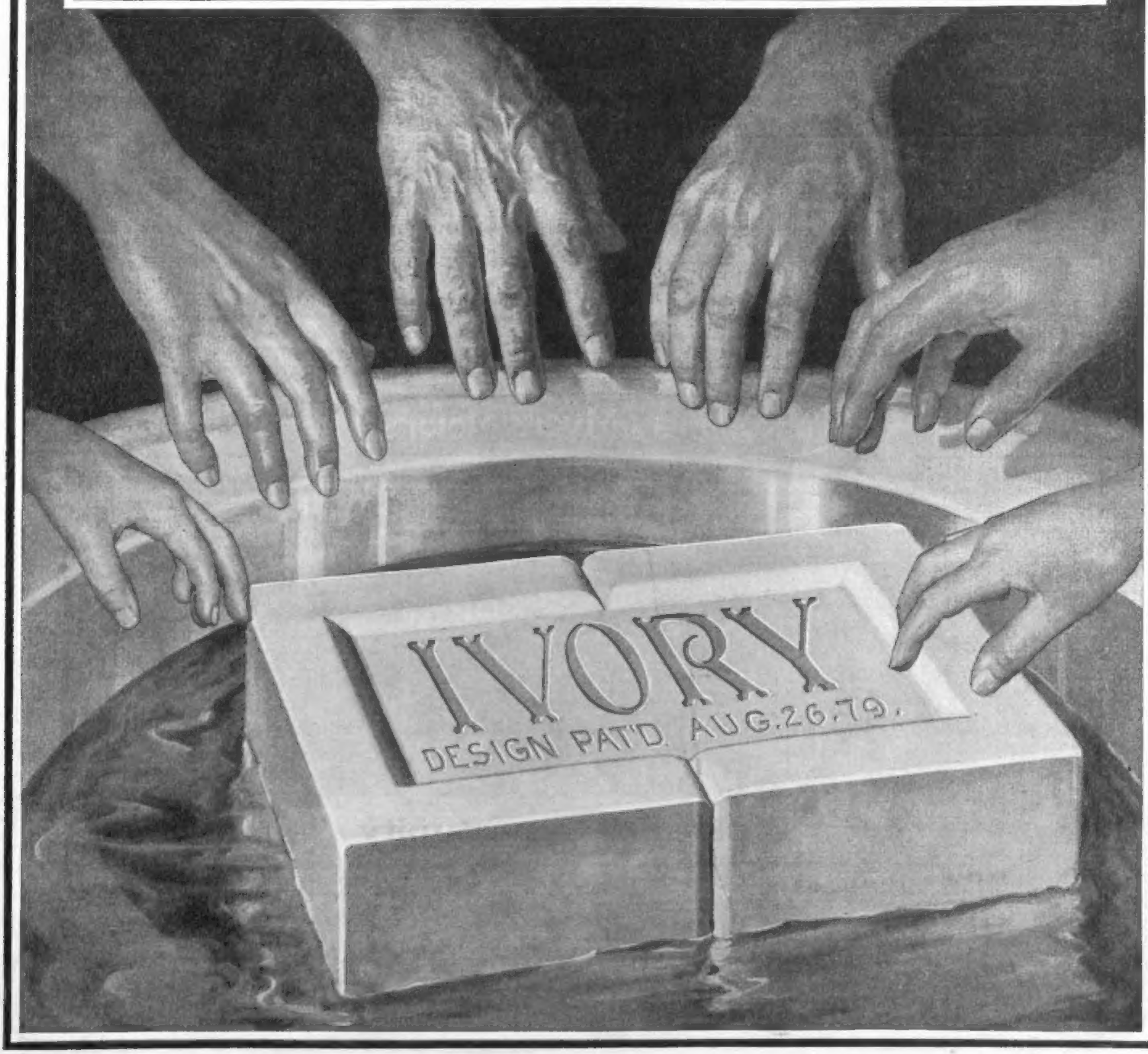

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1915,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 6, 1915 Number 32

ECONOMY AND EFFICIENCY IN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

By Former President William H. Taft

THE Democratic Party while out of power for sixteen years assailed the Republican Party for its extravagance.

No sooner has the Democratic Party come into power than, instead of retrenching, it spends more than the Republican Party. Both parties are properly subject to criticism for waste and lack of economy.

What I hope to show in this article is that permanent economy in the discharge of the functions of the Government must be preceded by an expert examination into the whole field of its activities, a reorganization of Departments, offices and bureaus, an extended amendment of the laws, and a complete change in the methods of presenting appropriation bills for enactment.

In order to understand the statistics as shown by the Treasury reports and statements by the Appropriation Committee, an explanation should be given of the procedure under the statute for disbursing Government funds. The appropriation bills for running the Government are made at each regular session of Congress, beginning in December of each year. They are based on estimates prepared in the Departments and offices, and submitted by the Secretary of the Treasury to Congress.

Standards for Comparisons

THE estimates and appropriations are made to cover expenses of the Government to be incurred and disbursements to be made during the next fiscal year.

The fiscal year of the Government ends June thirtieth of each year and is known by the year in which it ends. The second Congress of a retiring Administration, therefore, appropriates the money for the expenditures from the inauguration till July 1st following and for the next ensuing and fiscal year of the new Administration.

For the purpose of making intelligent comparisons it is well to agree in advance on as reasonable a standard as we may. The grand totals of estimates, appropriations and disbursements include, besides the ordinary expenses of running the Government, many items that are not paid out of funds raised by taxation or received as income from Government property. We have built the Panama Canal and the cost is to be paid by bonds; but, in advance of issuing the bonds, annual expenditures for its construction have been made by appropriations from the general funds of the Treasury. This is an extraordinary expense, to be reimbursed, and should not be included in ordinary expenses.

The expenditures in the Post Office, other than for the departmental overhead machinery, are made out of the income earned for service rendered, and amount to more than three hundred million dollars. Except when there is an excess of expenditures over receipts, the cost is not to be regarded as a proper charge against the tax-produced funds of the Treasury, and only the deficit, if any, should be charged in the ordinary expenses of maintaining the Government.

The statute requires the appropriation of a large amount, perhaps sixty million dollars, to be set aside in a sinking fund to pay the bonded debt of the United States. For years this has not been taken from the Treasury and is, for practical purposes, a negligible item. In the totals I shall use, therefore, I shall exclude these three items, which will reduce the grand total of expenses by more than three hundred million dollars below the billion mark which it has reached.

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Coal-Oil Uncle Jammy

My Economies

ON JULY 1, 1909, three months after I went into office, I was confronted with a deficit of fifty-nine million dollars, a result of an increase in the appropriations made by the first session of the last Congress of Mr. Roosevelt's term and a falling off of revenue. I was, therefore, anxious to reduce estimates for appropriations for the year 1911.

The law provided that the heads of Departments should furnish estimates directly to Congress, and made no provision for intervention by the President in respect to them. Nevertheless, I issued an executive order requiring that no estimates should be sent to the Secretary of the Treasury or by him transmitted to Congress until the estimates had received my approval; and I devoted a great deal of time to the cutting down of those estimates, with a view to overcoming a possible deficit. In my message to Congress in December, 1909, I said:

"In order to avoid a deficit for the ensuing fiscal year I directed the heads of the Departments, in the preparation of their estimates, to make them as low as possible consistent with imperative governmental necessity. The result has been, as I am advised by the Secretary of the Treasury, that the estimates for the expenses of the Government for the next fiscal year, ending June 30, 1911, are less than the appropriations for this current fiscal year by $42,818,000."

Again, in December, 1910, in my annual message to the second and short session of the first Congress of my Administration, which had to make appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1912, I spoke as follows:

"Every effort has been made by each Department chief to reduce the estimated cost of his Department for the ensuing fiscal year, ending June 30, 1912. I say this in order that Congress may understand that these estimates, thus made, present the smallest sum which will maintain the Departments, bureaus and offices of the Government and meet its other obligations under existing law; and that a cut of these estimates would result in embarrassing the executive branch of the Government in the performance of its duties. This remark does not apply to the river and harbor estimates, except to those for expenses of maintenance and the meeting of obligations under authorized contracts; nor does it apply to the public buildings bill or to the navy building program. Of course, as to these, Congress could withhold any part or all of the estimates for them without interfering with the discharge of the ordinary obligations of the Government or the performance of the functions of its Departments, bureaus and offices.

"The final estimates for the year ending June 30, 1912, as they have been sent to the Treasury, on November twenty-ninth of this year, for the ordinary expenses of the Government, including those for public buildings, rivers and harbors, and the navy building program, amount to $630,494,012.12. This is $52,964,887.36 less than the

appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911. It is $16,883,153.44 less than the total estimates, including supplemental estimates submitted to Congress by the Treasury for the year 1911, and is $5,574,659.39 less than the original estimates submitted by the Treasury for 1911."

There were supplemental estimates made, however, that brought the total estimates for 1912 up to within $1,534,000 of those for 1911.

In December, 1911, in my annual message on the financial condition of the Treasury, I called attention to the fact that there was a decrease in the estimates for 1913 from those of 1912 of about eight million dollars.

In December, 1912, in my last annual message, I pointed out that the estimate for expenditures for the year 1914 was seven hundred and thirty-two million dollars, or an increase of seventy-six million dollars in the estimates of 1914 over the total estimates of 1913; that this was due to an increase of twenty-five million dollars in the estimate for rivers and harbors for the next year on projects and surveys already authorized by Congress, to an increase under the new pension bill of thirty-two million five hundred thousand dollars, and to an increase in the estimates for the expenses of the Navy Department of twenty-four million dollars. The estimates for the Navy Department for the year 1913 included two battleships. Congress made provision for only one battleship and therefore the Navy Department had deemed it necessary and proper to make an estimate for three battleships, in addition to the amount required for work on the ships then under construction. With the exclusion of these three items, the estimates showed a reduction for the year, below the total estimates of 1913, of more than five million dollars.

The actual total ordinary disbursements, including postal deficiencies, for the last year for which appropriations were made during Mr. Roosevelt's term, and the four years for which appropriations were made in my term, were as follows:

1910	$659,695,391.08—deficiency,	$58,734,954.93
1911	654,137,997.89—surplus,	47,234,377.10*
1912	654,493,963.47—surplus,	37,224,501.00
1913	682,770,705.51—surplus,	1,340,524.33
1914	700,254,489.71—surplus,	34,418,677.00†

*This included the proceeds from the Payne Tariff and corporation tax.
†This included the proceeds of the sugar tax, now abolished, and the new income tax of the Underwood Tariff Act.

It should be said that normally there is a justified increase in the expenses of the Government from year to year, due to an increase in the population and the volume of governmental activities. A reduction in ordinary disbursements like those of 1911 and 1912, below those of 1910, therefore, showed the effect of my cutting the estimates. The increases in 1913 and 1914 were due to the new Pension Bill, a Rivers and Harbors Bill and a Public Building Bill.

In the last two years of my Administration the House of Representatives was Democratic by a substantial majority. The Democratic Platform of 1912 pointed with pride to the action of that Democratic House; and one of its achievements, as recited in the platform, was:

"It has passed the great supply bills which lessen waste and extravagance and which reduce the annual expenses of the Government by many millions of dollars."

Wilson Administration Appropriations

THE tabular statement above shows that the expenditures under appropriations made in the first two years of my Administration were $1,308,631,961.36. These were made by a Republican House of Representatives. The total expenditures for the two years authorized by the Democratic House of Representatives that succeeded amounted to $1,383,025,195.22. The actual expenditures for the two years authorized by the Democratic House, therefore, exceeded those authorized by the preceding Republican House by $74,393,233.86.

I do not criticize this increase. I signed the bills that made it. But, in view of the fact that the Democratic House passed them, the claim made in the platform that the Democratic House had lessened waste and extravagance, and reduced the annual expenses of the Government by many millions of dollars must be taken as a bit of humor.

One plank of the Democratic Platform of 1912 read as follows:

REPUBLICAN EXTRAVAGANCE

"We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses, which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befit a democratic Government, and a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people."

In view of this declaration we should naturally expect a very material decrease in appropriation bills under a government that is all Democratic—Executive, Senate and House. Instead of that we find the total of appropriations for the ordinary expenses of the Government for the year ending June 30, 1915, is $720,603,435.30, while that of the appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1914, was $703,482,124.

More than this, the Pension Act for 1915 shows a falling off, by reason of the death of the veterans, of four million dollars, which hardly evidences the exercise of Democratic economy. And it should be further noted that, by Senator Burton's filibuster and not with any assistance of the Democratic Party, the total of the Rivers and Harbors Bill appropriation was cut down from fifty-three million dollars to twenty million dollars—a saving of thirty-three million dollars. In spite of both these reductions, not to be credited to the Administration or Congress, the increase in the 1915 appropriations over those of 1914 was $17,121,311.30.

It is interesting, also, to note the language of the plank of the Baltimore Platform already quoted, calling for "a reduction in the number of useless offices, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people's toil," in the light of the increase of offices provided for by this Congress in the appropriations for 1915, and of permanent annual expenditures due to that cause. The official record shows that the number of specific new offices created was 14,256, with salaries attached thereto of $16,212,132; and that the number of offices abolished was 8734, with salaries attached of $9,235,083. This makes a net increase of 5522 specific new offices, with specific salaries amounting to $6,977,049.

Estimates for 1916

IN ADDITION to this, other new offices were created, without specifying the number or amount of each salary, involving an outlay of $8,400,000 annually, or a total increase in the annual expenditures for new offices of $15,377,049. This would seem to indicate that the plank of the platform I have quoted was not to stand on but to get in on.

Coming now to the estimates for the expenditures of the year ending June 30, 1916, to be appropriated at the present short session of Congress, we find by the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury that they ask an increase of $15,511,194.50 over the appropriations for the year 1915; and that, in addition, on the first day of the session, supplemental estimates were sent to Congress amounting to four million dollars or more, which will increase the total estimates to about twenty million dollars for 1916 beyond the appropriations for 1915. Other supplemental estimates will doubtless carry this excess over the previous year to a considerably higher figure.

I am not now concerned with the question of the extravagant character of these Democratic estimates and appropriations. I refer to them only to show the lack of sincerity of the Democrats in their platform promises.

But the strongest evidence of the disingenuous character of their professions of economy is in the attitude of the last Democratic House and of the present Democratic Administration toward any effort to improve the present conditions in this regard. Under the authority of a Republican Congress I appointed a commission of experts to institute an inquiry into our present governmental organization and methods, with a view to recommending the changes needed to promote economy and efficiency. The work of this commission was most thorough, as far as it went, and was embodied in extended reports. The last Democratic House manifested its hostility to the work of the commission, in a way I shall describe later, and cut off the needed appropriations for its continuance.

Under the present Administration not a step has been taken in this direction. No advantage has been derived from most valuable work already done and preserved in Government records, and no further work of the same kind has been projected. The New Freedom now being enjoyed under Administration auspices has been described in glowing terms; but real reform in the methods of governmental business, which might materially lighten the growing financial burden of the New Freedom, has not had any serious attention. It is true that in President Wilson's last message to Congress he referred to the subject of governmental economy. I quote his language:

"The duty of economy is not debatable. It is manifest and imperative. In the appropriations we pass we are spending the money of the great people whose servants we are—not our own. We are trustees and responsible stewards in the spending. The only thing debatable, and on which we should be careful to make our thought and purpose clear, is the kind of economy demanded of us. I assert with the greatest confidence that the people of the United States are not jealous of the amount their Government costs if they are sure that they get what they need and desire for the outlay; that the money is being spent for objects of which they approve; and that it is being applied with good business sense and management.

"Governments grow piecemeal, both in their tasks and in the means by which those tasks are to be performed; and very few governments are organized, I venture to say, as wise and experienced business men would organize them if they had a clean sheet of paper to write on. Certainly the Government of the United States is not. I think it is generally agreed that there should be a systematic reorganization and reassembling of its parts, so as to secure greater efficiency and effect considerable savings in expense. But the amount of money saved in that way would, I believe, though no doubt considerable in itself, running it may be into the millions, be relatively small—small, I mean, in proportion to the total necessary outlays of the Government. It would be thoroughly worth effecting, as every saving would, great or small. Our duty is not altered by the scale of the saving. But my point is that the people of the United States do not wish to curtail the activities of this Government—they wish, rather, to enlarge them; and with every enlargement, with the mere growth, indeed, of the country itself, there must come, of course, the inevitable increase of expense. The sort of economy we ought to practice may be effected, and ought to be effected, by a careful study and assessment of the tasks to be performed; and the money spent ought to be made to yield the best possible returns in efficiency and achievement. And, like good stewards, we should so account for every dollar of our appropriations as to make it perfectly evident what it was spent for and in what way it was spent.

"It is not expenditure but extravagance that we should fear, being criticized for not paying for the legitimate enterprises and undertakings of a great Government, whose people command what it should be, but adding what will benefit only a few or pouring money out for what need not have been undertaken at all, or might have been postponed, or better and more economically conceived and carried out. The nation is not niggardly; it is very generous. It will chide us only if we forget for whom we pay money out and whose money it is we pay. These are large and general standards, but they are not very difficult of application to particular cases."

To one convinced of the urgent need of radical changes in organization and business method to secure economy, the President's words are disappointing. It is not what he says, but what he does not say, that is discouraging.

If the President was anxious to induce Congress to provide for a commission—and the reorganization of the Government for economic purposes can be effected in no other way—he was not happy in the general impression his language gives. A master of style, as he is, if he had deemed the subject of compelling importance, he certainly might have used words better calculated to stir the action of Congress.

It is impossible to escape the feeling, after reading his words, that sound and wholesome as are his generalizations he minimizes the importance of economy in the emphasis he places on the necessity for large appropriations to accomplish large purposes, and on the generosity of the people in welcoming such liberal provision. He gives the broad intimation that the sum to be saved by economical methods is small. In this way he takes away from his casual reference to reorganization of Government, as the only proper way of effecting economy, all force and significance.

The Boast of Senator Aldrich

THE minor political importance that President Wilson evidently assigns to this issue of economy in the business methods of the Government is probably a correct estimate. Rarely, indeed, can the people, as a whole, be roused to the benefit of a policy the discussion of which involves a tedious recital of figures or a detailed explanation of a complicated plan of governmental reorganization.

Reforms of this kind are the result of the hardest kind of work in the closet. They cannot be exploited in headlines. They tire the audience. Those who effect them must generally be contented with a consciousness of good service rendered, and must not look for the reward of popular approval. It is only when hard times are at hand and taxes pinch that an Administration may find indifference to such a reform "bad politics."

I venture to think that President Wilson's estimate of the amount that can be saved by improving the financial and business methods of running the Government is faulty. Senator Aldrich said on the floor of the Senate that if he could run the Government as a business was run, he thought he could save three hundred million dollars a year of the sum now expended. This statement was used by our Democratic friends as a basis for an attack on Republican management, but it has served no other purpose for them if we may judge by their conduct.

Senator Aldrich had a long experience in governmental matters, but his remark must have been predicated on the elimination of certain expenses that a private business should never have and that a popular Government cannot escape. The manager of a country-wide private business would certainly not be burdened with military pensions, or with the cost of unprofitable, dignified architecture in our public buildings. He would certainly reduce river and harbor improvement to that on which a clear return of business profit, in cheapened transportation, could be calculated with reasonable certainty. In this way he could cut present governmental expenditures at least two hundred million dollars a year. Such retrenchment seems impracticable in a Government organized and controlled as ours is. One hundred million dollars, however, he would

expect to save in a reorganization of the Government, a reduction of offices, and an improvement of business methods that are practicable.

From what the commission reported to me I think this is possible. Certainly it is not unreasonable to hope that at least fifty million dollars annually might be so saved. This, it will be noted, would require a saving of not more than five per cent on our total annual expenditures of a billion. Of course the struggle in achieving such a reduction will be great. In swallowing thirty million dollars in one gulp for a government subsidized and operated merchant marine, the intensity of effort needed to save what is voted so easily, may seem hardly worth while. But President Wilson and we should remember that the fifty millions would be thus saved each year, and would not only help to meet the original capital outgo in the enterprise I have named, which he has so much at heart, and in others that are being proposed, but would serve to meet the deficits each year that are certain to come in Government operation, no matter how skillfully they may be concealed by enthusiastic heads of departments and bureaus.

I regret to note in President Wilson's remarks on this subject, taken with his specific recommendations on other matters in this and other messages, a gradual yielding to the dangerous doctrine that the Government, by legislation, executive action and taxes, can do everything and anything needed to make the people happier and more prosperous. His party is likely to go fast enough in this direction without encouragement from him. Such a spirit is hurrying states and municipalities into heavier and heavier burdens of indebtedness, and nothing will save them from bankruptcy but what is now at hand in the case of many of them—the healthy brake of a lack of credit. The enormous tax-producing resources of the United States postpone such a day of reckoning too far to give us in Federal Government the early benefit of the same useful warning.

Paradoxical as it may appear, the enlargement of government functions into what has heretofore been the field of private enterprise is not accompanied by greater economy and efficiency, and a closer approximation to business methods, either by the strengthening of civil service laws, their stricter enforcement, or in other ways.

We are, however, going to have a great reaction in this matter. Wisconsin, one of two or three sources of the new doctrine, has already felt it, and the people have ungratefully and unfeelingly rejected the further service of their saviors.

When the followers of Jefferson come to meet in convention in 1916, unless they bring forth works meet for repentance during the next two years, they will find it a little difficult to make their acts seem consistent with his teaching. Unless they take some steps to change the conditions they have created with their appropriations, which Mr. Fitzgerald, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, correctly described as "a horrible mess," they may find that, under the unusual conditions likely to prevail, Governmental economy has become an issue of some political importance. They may experience some embarrassment in confronting a people smarting under the nagging irritation of taxes, the necessity for which the European war will fail satisfactorily to explain, and who, in their inability to make both ends meet, will be psychologically unable to value properly the New Freedom. The dominant party must not be surprised if, in view of the party record, many shall be unkind enough to call the demand in the Platform of 1912 for a return to Democratic simplicity and economy only "molasses to catch flies."

It is said, however, that Republicans have not manifested during the last sixteen years undue zeal in this reform I am advocating.

The lack of interest in a plan for retrenchment, economy and efficiency, to be devised and recommended by a competent commission, is nonpartisan I admit; and too many of the legislators on both sides have the view of President Wilson—that large appropriations for large purposes are more important than a practical effort, by the application of business principles, to reduce the cost of attaining that for which the people wish their money spent. But Democrats are responsible now, and the weaknesses of Republicans are irrelevant for the time being. More than this, the Republicans did provide for an expert Economy Commission, as we shall see.

My experience in keeping down estimates and attempting to restrict appropriations satisfies me that the President, single-handed or with the assistance of his Cabinet, is not now in a position to bring about permanent economy and effectiveness in Government administration. A number of the reductions I made merely postponed necessary projects in order to avoid what was believed to be an impending deficit. In a number of instances Congress did not take my word that I had cut to the quick, and itself made further cuts that were unwise; so that in subsequent years deficiency appropriations had to be provided to resume work on needed projects or to meet the deficiencies created by unwise reductions.

I stimulated the heads of Departments and of bureaus to economy in expenditure under the appropriations made, and to the recommendation of changes that would lessen the expense in their respective fields of jurisdiction; but it was made very clear that some other course must be taken if economy which would last from year to year was to be attained.

Therefore, a committee was appointed, with power to reorganize the entire government, to reclassify the personnel, to cut and increase salaries, to concentrate the same functions, and to associate in close connection the maintenance of similar activities. Under the efficient leadership of Mr. W. Cameron Forbes, who was the head of the committee, a considerable percentage in saving of the total cost was permanently effected. My experience in the Philippines and the results of my efforts as President to retrench satisfied me that I did not have knowledge enough, or the proper means for acquiring knowledge enough, to enforce practical and permanent economy.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Former President Taft. The second will appear next week.

LAYSAN—What Does it Mean?

PHOTO BY PROF. HOMER R. DILL, OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Laysan Albatross Rookery a Few Years Previous to the Japanese Raids in 1909 and 1910

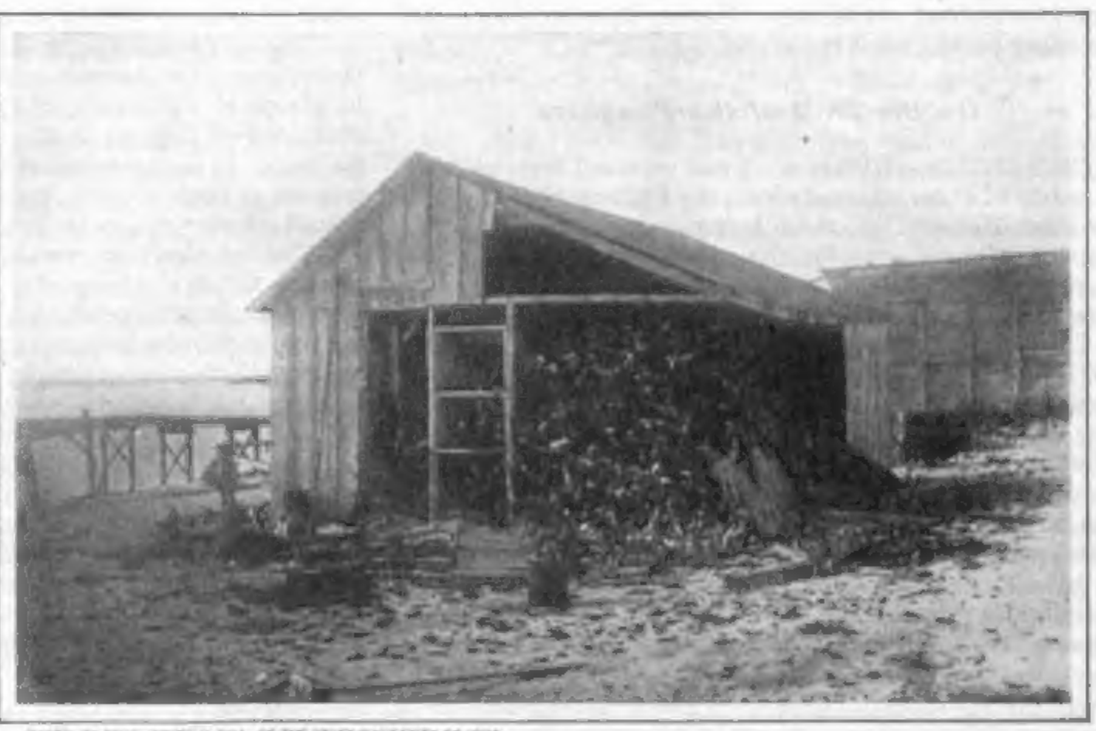

PHOTO BY PROF. HOMER R. DILL, OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Shed Filled With Wings of Slaughtered Albatrosses, Laysan Island. Estimated to be About 50,000 Pairs

By Emerson Hough

MOST of us do not know whether Laysan is a dentifrice, a disease or a moving picture. In reality it is an island, a low uplift of lava, sand and phosphate rock, which lies in the extreme western edge of the Hawaiian Archipelago. It is a part of the Hawaiian Islands Reservation, which, under President Roosevelt, was set apart on February 3, 1909, as a sanctuary for birds.

Laysan is not a very large portion of our possessions, but it has attached to it what perhaps you will call one of the most horrifying stories you ever heard. How you will regard that story will be measured by your creed of life. If you believe that the raw resources of Nature were made for immediate utilization for the good of civilization, then perhaps you may regard the story of Laysan as only an incident. If, on the other hand, you are disposed to bursts of choler and to hot angers when you hear of useless cruelty and waste and greed—if, indeed, you have some lurking love of fair play left about you—then Laysan may perhaps seem to you something quite different.

Laysan is on our way to the Philippines, not far from Midway Island, that desolate spot where we maintain a tropic cable station. Locate it on the map and you will wonder that the wild birds ever located it on the sea; but the birds did find it, centuries ago, and they have been going there, millions and millions of them, every year, thinking they would be safe. In Laysan there are twenty-three known different species of song birds and sea birds and game birds—finches, plovers, rails, curlews, ducks, many species of small birds, and the large sea birds, such as frigate birds and albatrosses, many petrels and puffins, and terns of several sorts.

These different species have for centuries dwelt together there in harmony, their nests packed so closely that you could not get a foot down among them—so many of them that they had to adjust themselves to conditions, each species taking its turn in using the island, which was not large enough to hold them all at one time. They were so tame that you could pick them up in your hands. This was their ancient sanctuary. They had no more fear of man than had the gentle natives of Hawaii when Cook's white sailors first went among them.

In the museum of the State University of Iowa you may see a cyclorama that faithfully shows the Laysan bird colony. So many are the tenants, they have made of the remote island a four-story tenement house, like a city hive. The basement is the nest burrow of the shearwater. On the ground is the nest of the albatross, perhaps beneath a tiny hard-leaved shrub not over two feet high. In the lower branches lies a gull's nest; while on top, on a platform of twigs interlaced to give stability to the frail support, is yet another nest. Four families, each within touching distance of the others, dwell thus in a harmony enforced by natural conditions. The birds use the island in rotation, and in four tiers at a time, as this excellent restoration of Laysan—one of the best bird exhibits in the museums of the world—shows you very beautifully.

Mr. Max Schlemmer, of Honolulu, manager of a large guano company located on Laysan, frequented the island more or less for some fifteen years. It seemed to him an excellent thing to introduce rabbits, Belgian hares, English hares and Japanese guinea pigs, it being his purpose to start a rabbit-canning industry.

That was about the year 1903. Since then these different species of hares and rabbits have crossed and interbred

and multiplied until they have utterly changed the life of the island and threaten to destroy all its vegetation; but at the time the Act of Congress creating Laysan a bird refuge was signed—February, 1909—Laysan remained a great natural breeding ground, not much changed from its original state. Such a fate befell it, however, in less than three months after it was set aside as a reserve, as left it no longer the Laysan of old.

In April, 1909, a party of plumage hunters, said to have been made up of Japanese, landed on Laysan in the interests of civilization and commerce—also in the interests of lovely woman; for all the profit they expected to make or could have made must have come from the pockets of women; all their product must have gone to the heads of women; all their ultimate warrant must have come from the hearts of women. This expedition was planned before the reserve was established, according to Professor Dill, of Iowa, who thinks it only just to those who comprised the party to mention that fact.

What these joint friends of civilization and commerce did in Laysan was discovered by the United States revenue cutter Thetis, which sailed to Laysan and caught the alien poachers at their work. Twenty-three of the invaders were taken back to Honolulu for trial. Whether or not in ignorance, they had gone into a national refuge protected by the flag of this Republic.

Unfortunately, however, their work was already done. The Thetis brought back to Honolulu three carloads of feathers, wings and skins of birds, all of which had been cured and prepared for shipment to Japan. Thence the company of merchandisers purposed to reship them to Paris, London, Vienna, New York, Chicago—to all the places where lovely woman especially dwells.

The Thetis took only the saved birdskins, the prepared ones. Many thousands were left behind. Every piece of plumage, every strip of sinew and bone and flesh with feathers on it, had cost the life of some bird. There were three carloads of these products of the Laysan butchery. It was estimated that from one-third to half a million birds were represented in that collection; but the three carloads covered only part of the spoils of Laysan.

Prof. W. Alanson Bryan, of the College of Hawaii, had seen this sort of thing before on some of the far-off group of Leeward Islands. Once he discovered a band of poachers actually engaged in their killing. They had already killed thousands of birds for the millinery market. They had piled up hundreds of heaps of bodies of birds. When they had finished their work on that other island they had collected a shipload of plumage. Having done so, they sailed for other ports to sell the spoils.

On the Trail of the Poachers

PROFESSOR BRYAN went out on the Thetis with the party of eager scientists from the University of Iowa led by Prof. Homer Dill, these being desirous of completing a group of specimens for the sake of generations yet to come—which said generations very possibly will not be able to see very many birds outside of museums.

This second expedition of the Thetis was made in April, 1911, two years after the big bird massacre in Layaan. Professor Bryan knew what to expect—he had seen this sort of thing before, on Marcus Island; yet the horror of what they found at Laysan was almost beyond even his belief. Professor Dill made a report of his expedition to the Biological Survey in Washington in brief, matter-of-fact words:

"About eleven o'clock of the seventh day out from Honolulu we came in sight of the island. We expected to see clouds of birds about it, but in this we were disappointed. Our first impression of Laysan was that the poachers had stripped the place of bird life. An area of over three hundred acres on each side of the buildings was apparently abandoned. Only the shearwaters, moaning in their burrows; the little wingless rail, skulking from one grass tussock to another, and the saucy finch remained. It is an excellent example of what Professor Nutting calls the survival of the inconspicuous.

"Here on every side were bones bleaching in the sun, showing where the poachers had piled the bodies of the birds as they stripped them of wings and feathers. In the old open guano shed were seen the remains of hundreds and possibly thousands of wings that were placed there, but never cured for shipping, as the marauders were interrupted in their work.

"An old cistern back of one of the buildings tells a story of cruelty that surpasses anything else done by these heartless, sanguinary pirates, not excepting the practice of cutting the wings from living birds and leaving them to die of hemorrhage. In this dry cistern the living birds were kept by hundreds, slowly to starve to death. In this way the fatty tissue lying next to the skin was used up and the skin was left quite free from grease, so that it required little or no cleaning during preparation.

"Many other revolting sights, such as the remains of young birds that had been left to starve, and birds with broken legs and deformed beaks, were to be seen. Killing clubs, nets and other implements used by these marauders were lying about. Hundreds of boxes to be used in shipping the birdskins were packed in an old building. It was evident they intended to carry on their slaughter as long as the birds lasted. Not only did they kill and skin the larger species, but they caught and caged the finch, honey eater and miller bird. Cages and material for making the boxes were found."

It should be remembered that the plumage carried away by the Thetis two years earlier had been prepared plumage. The new visitors found left behind a great deal that had not been prepared. Professor Bryan tells something of what he saw:

"The slaughter wrought by the plume hunters is everywhere apparent. One of the work buildings formerly used by the guano company and later as a storehouse by the poachers is still standing. With one side torn out and left open to the weather by the men of the Thetis, it is still filled with thousands of pairs of albatross wings. Though weather-beaten and useless, they show how they were cut from the birds, whose half-bleached skeletons lie in thousands of heaps scattered all over the island.

"This wholesale killing has had an appalling effect on the colony. No one can estimate the thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of birds that have been willfully sacrificed on Laysan to the whim of fashion and the lust for gain. It is conservative to say that fully one-half the number of birds of both species of albatross, which were so abundant everywhere in 1903, have been killed.

"The colonies that remain are in a sadly depleted condition. Often a colony of a dozen or more birds will not have a single young one. Over a large part of the island—in some sections a hundred acres in a place—that ten years ago was thickly inhabited by albatrosses not a single bird remains; while heaps of the slain lie as mute testimony of the awful slaughter of these beautiful, harmless and, without doubt, beneficial inhabitants of the high seas.

"Though the main activity of the plume hunters was directed against the albatrosses, they were by no means averse to killing anything in the bird line that came in their way. As a consequence large numbers of all the different species of birds that occur on the island were killed. Among the species slaughtered may be mentioned the black-footed albatross; Laysan albatross; sooty tern; gray-backed tern; noddy tern; Hawaiian tern; white tern; Bonin Island petrel; wedge-tailed shearwater; Christmas Island shearwater; red-tailed tropic bird; blue-faced booby; red-footed booby; man-of-war bird; bristle-thighed curlew—and, without doubt, many of the few species of the smaller birds peculiar to Laysan, as well as of those that visit it as migrants."

There had been a small species of teal duck peculiar to Laysan Island. A few individual specimens were left—not very many. Proof was visible that the butchers had killed these ducks in large numbers for food. Of course, most of the sea birds were killed for their plumage only.

"Along the shores of the lagoon, and on a small area at the south end of the island, the Laysan albatross, a most remarkable and beautiful bird, has taken its last stand," says Professor Bryan. "To-day there is about one-sixth of the original colony left. All along the car track and on the main rookery, where the birds were formerly so abundant, only piles of bones remain. The poachers killed these helpless creatures with clubs and threw the wings and feathers into the cars, heaping the bodies up along the sides of the track as they worked, and used the cars to carry the spoils to the sheds."

Adequate Protection for Bird Refuges

THE shiploads of birds' wings; the accumulation of carloads of feathers; the piling up of plumage by the housewful; the carrying of that plumage by cars on a railroad track from the nests to the packing house—do you chance to know of a better systematized industry in raw resources than had been installed there on that tropic island in the mid-Pacific? Should we not admire the fertile brain of the man who managed it all? And what a pity that the revenue cutter interrupted so fine a system!

There is no excuse in any court of human reason for work such as that done on Laysan Island. Yet what is to prevent its being done over again, there or elsewhere, by poachers equally hardy and perhaps more fortunate? It was just a sanctuary made for the sake of the birds; but how can such a sanctuary be protected?

This brings us to the question of an adequate patrol for all our national parks, monuments, refuges and reserves. Great Britain would have had two or three mounted police on Laysan on detached service. Now and then a vessel would have dropped in there. Any such crime as that of April, 1909, would have been punished, no matter how far the culprits fled—no matter how much money they had. Are we, the people of America, to put ourselves behind the people of Great Britain in business efficiency?

Laysan has some thousands of birds left. If our flag means for them any protection at all these thousands may again be millions. They belong to us—belong to you and me. This is our sanctuary—this is the home we gave them. There is something in the doctrine of "Unto the least of these." But what are we really going to do for the least of these?

All of which is more or less respectfully submitted to the men who have what is called the commercial imagination. It is also more or less respectfully submitted to the Biological Survey, at Washington, and its parent, the Department of Agriculture.

It is not enough to pass a law and then let it enforce itself. It is not enough to establish any series of refuges and then tell the story of how they were ravaged. The only thing which is enough is that these refuges should of themselves be large and abundant, and that they should be protected adequately, fully, perfectly.

(Continued on Page 40)

PHOTO. BY PROF. HOMER G. DILL, OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Nesting Colony of Sooty-Back Terns, Laysan Island

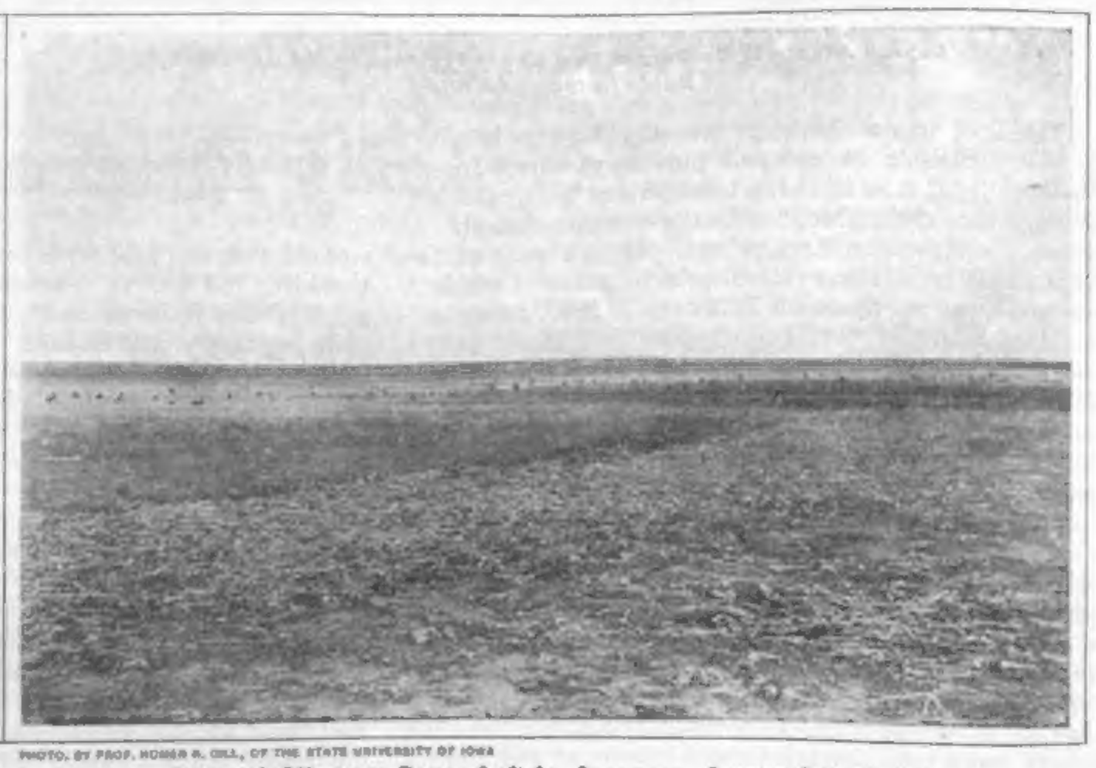

PHOTO. BY PROF. HOMER G. DILL, OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Acres of Albatross Bones Left by Japanese. Laysan Island, 1911

BACK TO THE WHITE PAINT

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

It Was a Riot—a Perfect Knock-Out

Of All the Pantomiming I've Seen in This Country and Abroad There Never Was Anything to Touch the Work He Did That Day

MAYBE you remember my friend, Tom Chilvers, and maybe you don't. Folks in our line of work have to keep before the public or they're forgotten in no time. A few years ago Tom was the most famous pantomime clown in America, and well known in Europe too, where they know something about pantomiming; but now he's only a married man with a nice wife, two kids and a barnful of automobiles. Can you imagine a retired showman without at least one horse on the premises? I guess Maggie is to blame for that though.

It just goes to show what a difference money makes in some people. Mrs. Chilvers used to be Maggie Delaney—Lucille LeMoyne on the programs and the advertising—and she did a riding act with the Big Show until her knees gave out. I've known her ever since she was a kid, her mother teaching her to ride and her father doing a strong-man act in the concert. Maggie Delaney fairly grew up on a rozum-back and all her people were in the show business before her; but when they struck oil on her place out in Indiana, good-by sawdust!

She used to come and see us when we played the Garden, of course; but one visit a year was her limit, and after a while Chilvers came alone. He said Maggie was busy with the kids.

Tom didn't want to retire, but Maggie made him. He was always a great fellow to blat out the truth when a lie would be better, and during his honeymoon he was chump enough to tell Maggie about his little love affair with another bareback rider—an Englishwoman she was. It turned out afterward that she was only having fun with him, being married herself at the time; but Tom didn't know it, of course. That didn't make any difference to Maggie; Chilvers had to quit clowning because he wasn't fit to be trusted out of her sight, especially with married women, and bareback riders particularly.

I used to work in some of Tom's acts in the old days, and I had a standing invitation from both of 'em to come out and visit at their place beyond Yonkers; but somehow I never got round to it until this summer, when a touch of rheumatism made me quit work. It put me clear out of business, because I'm nothing but a knockabout clown and I have to be spry on my feet.

Tom met me at the train with an automobile and a chauffeur, and the dear old boy was so glad to see me that he almost cried. I was glad to see him too. He hadn't changed a great deal, being the sort of a man that never really gets old.

"God love you, Pete," says he, "it took you a long time to get here; but you finally made it, eh? Wow! but it's good for sore eyes to see your homely mug again! How's every little thing, including the rheumatism?"

"All the better for a sight of you, Tom," says I. "Pretty nice car you've got here. Is it a new one?"

"Yep," says he. "She's a six. Think of us two old clowns riding in an automobile and me owning it! Ain't it wonderful, Pete?"

Well, that was Tom Chilvers all over—a wife and kids and a barrel of money; but nothing will ever make him any different. His heart will stay about fifteen as long as he lives. Maybe that's why you can't keep from liking him.

He rattled along and asked me a million questions about the Big Show and the people with it. What sort of business were they doing? Was the new blow-off act a success? Did the Russian tumblers make a hit? How about the riding acts? Was the clowning as good as it used to be?

"There'll never be any real clowning until you come back," says I.

"Are you kidding me, Pete?" says he.

I knew he was hungry for compliments and I gave him some. He laughed like a kid.

"I'm only telling you what they all say, Tom," says I. "There's a fellow named Joe Pardelli——"

"I've heard of him," says Tom. "I saw his picture in The Canvasman. He stole my make-up, he stole my costume, and he stole a lot of my stuff."

"He did that," says I; "and he's getting away with it too."

"As strong as I used to?" says Tom.

"Well, they stop the show for him while he pulls that pantomime prize fight of yours."

"Why, the big stiff!" says Tom. "They stop the show for him, do they? How long do they give him?"

"About a minute and a half," says I.

"Huh!" says Tom, cheering up right away. "I used to take four. Does it go big?"

"Not near as big as it used to."

"He ain't as good as I was, then?"

"He's not even in the same class. There never was and there never will be another clown like you, Tom."

He sighed and shook his head.

"And me living out here in the country like a rube!" says he. "Think of it, Pete! Me, that used to knock 'em dead from the Garden to the Golden Gate! It's like being buried alive. And all because Maggie wants to bust into society!"

"What?" says I.

"On the level. If everything goes smooth and we don't miss a cue somewhere, we may get invited to eat with a family that owns all the breweries in Ohio. Yes, the poor old clown has to make up in black and white whenever we have company for dinner."

"The soup and fish?" says I. "Get out!"

"I'd give a leg if I could," says he. "The summers are awful long when you haven't got a thing to do. I take The Poster and The Canvasman, and keep up with the show business the best I can; but it's tough not to have anybody to talk to, Pete."

"How about Maggie?" says I.

Tom threw up both hands.

"Not a chance!" says he. "She's got the society bug the worst you ever saw. Gone daffy on it! The only thing that worries her is that some of these retired brewers and soap manufacturers round here will find out that she used to be a bareback rider. Ain't that hell on a poor old clown?"

I thought of Maggie's dad, who worked right up to the week of his death and never missed a performance except when he was drunk. I thought of Maggie's mother, who used to brag that she was born under canvas and didn't want to live anywhere else.

I thought of Maggie herself, in tights and spangles, bumping round the ring on a rozum-back, and I shook my head. There wasn't anything to say.

"It's the money that did it," says Tom. "I guess we're almost in the idle-rich class. Damn the oil business anyway!"

"Don't say that, Tom. Every circus man in the country envies you."

"Oh, the money is all right in its way," says he. "It's fine to be able to buy everything you want but the thing you want most. It's lovely!" Then he grabbed me and hugged me. "Golly, Pete! I'm glad you're here! Stay all summer, will you? There's a lot of stuff I want to get out of my system!"

"Ain't you ever going to grow up?" says I.

"No," says he. "I've got a son that's older than I am now. He'll be five next September. Sometimes I think that he's got talent and then again I don't know. There's only one school for clowning and that's the big top. Maggie will never stand for me teaching him anything about pantomiming."

Well, Maggie said she was glad to see me. I think in her heart she was. When you're bred to the sawdust it's pretty hard to get away from it.

She was the same old girl, so far as I could see, but awfully heavy. There wasn't a chance that she'd ever go over the banners or through the hoops again, and as for the backward backs—hopeless, absolutely hopeless! She asked me a few questions about the circus and the people she used to know, and then changed the subject.

I was crazy to see the kids, but she said they were out in the limousine with their governess. Tom winked at me behind his hand.

"Their father was a poor old pantomime clown," says he, pulling a long face, "and their mother stove her knees all up doing somersaults on a rozum-back; but the kids ride in a limousine with their governess. Can you imagine that, Pete?"

"Now, Tom, I wish you'd stop talking about my knees!" says Maggie. "And as for the children, I don't want them going round telling everybody that their father used to be a clown in the circus!"

"I'd rather they'd say I was a clown than that I own a soap works," says Tom. "Wouldn't it be terrible if they'd tell the Schmidts that their mother used to wear pink tights and —— Look out, Pete! Seems to me the wind is coming up; let's get out from under before the big top blows down on us!"

He grabbed Maggie, waltzed her round a few times, kissed her and ran out, laughing. She looked at me and shook her head.

"He hasn't changed any," says I.

"No," says she. "I've got three children, Pete—a girl two, a boy almost five, and another one forty!"

II

I GOT one taste of Maggie's society stuff, and I'll never envy the idle rich again so long as I live. The second night I was there she staged a dinner party. Tom tipped me off in advance.

"The brewery gang is coming over to eat with us," says he. "It will be very reaherahay. Can you dress the part, Pete?"

"Where do you get that stuff?" says I. "You know I never owned but one low-necked coat, and I wore that when I was clowning in one of your acts in Paris. Don't you remember that restaurant thing?"

"Clown with me to-night," says Tom. "My clothes won't fit you, but I know a costumer's where we can get some that will. Are you game?"

"I hope so," says I; "but it will be tough, putting on an act without a rehearsal." He got me; he always did.

"Never mind that," says he. "Watch Maggie! That's what I do. She knows all those funny forks by their first names."

Well, I got through with it; but it was worse than trying out a new act with nothing but performers looking on. Tom was a knockout. You wouldn't have thought that he'd ever been anything but a society man. He knew how to wear costumes. It's part of the pantomime game, and Tom Chilvers is an artist to the tips of his fingers. He looked like a thoroughbred and the brewer looked like a man who'd been miscast and didn't know what to do about it. I don't know what I looked like, but I watched Maggie like a hawk, and if I made any mistakes they can be charged to her.

Tom made only one bad break. The brewer had been talking about a street fight between some labor agitators and the police.

"According to the papers," says Tom, "it was quite a clem."

Now, clem is a circus expression; you'll never hear it anywhere else; you'll never see a clem except on a show lot. It's the thing that happens after somebody yells: "Hey, Rube!" Everybody, from the razorbacks to the boss, gets mixed up when a clem starts, and it's a free-for-all battle, with the show people swinging stakes and layout pins at every rube in sight. Tom has seen some lively clems and so have I.

"A clem?" says the brewer. "What's that?"

"Don't you know what a clem is?" says Tom. "Why, we used to have one every night when I was ——"

"When you were in Europe, dear?" says Maggie, saving him just in time.

"Huh? Yes, when I was in Europe," says Tom, looking at me. "Pete, you've been over there. You tell him what a clem is."

Up to his old tricks, you see, getting into a tight place and then looking to me to get him out of it.

"Oh, yes," says I. "Clem—clem —— It's a French word, I think. They have 'em over there. It's a sort of a fight."

"The French," says the brewer, "are a very excitable people. Clem? I'll remember that when I go abroad next time."

After the guests had gone we had a smoke together in the billiard room. Think of Tom Chilvers with a billiard room!

"You came pretty near spilling something to-night," says I.

"Confound it, I'm always doing it!" says Tom. "How can I work to an audience like that? It's awful—that's what it is; awful! I'm living in the past, Pete, and Maggie expects me to talk in the present. It can't be done! . . . Say, speaking of clems, do you remember that night in Ann Arbor when the college boys upset the cages and the animals got loose? Holy Moses! I guess that was a lovely clem—eh, Pete?"

"It didn't have anything on that one in Atlanta," says I. "Remember how the colored population was going to come in free whether or no, and we took grub hoes and layout pins and showed 'em different?"

"Oh, what a grand life that was!" says Tom. "What a life! Wait a minute, Pete. I can't talk old times in a clawhammer."

We took off our coats, collars and patent-leather shoes and went to it. I guess we should have talked all night if Maggie hadn't rapped on the door and told us it was one o'clock. Poor old Tom! He was just naturally starving for his own kind of folks.

The next morning Maggie went to New York to do some shopping and Tom took me out to the barn.

"I've got something I want to show you," says he. "There's only one soul in the world knows about it and that's me. Come on up in the loft."

"Where's all the horses?" says I.

"We're horse poor," says he, "and automobile rich. You'll laugh when you see what I've got."

I laughed afterward, but at first I almost cried. The loft was empty and swept clean. Over in one corner was a room with a big padlock on the door. Tom opened it and I peeked in.

"Why, it's a dressing room!" says I.

"Complete even to a shower bath," says he; "but I'd trade the whole business for trunk space in Clown Alley and a bucket to wash my face in. Remember how we used to yell 'More water for the dragons'? See my circus pictures on the wall? And that's the same old trunk you've sat on a thousand times, all over this country and Europe too. Sit on it again, Pete; you look more natural that way. Lord! Lord, how it does take a fellow back—eh? There's my scrapbook with my press notices in it. I read 'em over sometimes and wonder if this is really me. Yes; that's Maggie in her spangles. Pretty as a peach, wasn't she? And what a rider—eh? She wouldn't do a thing to me if she knew I pinched this picture when she was burning up her circus junk. She'd be ashamed of it now. Women are funny, ain't they?"

"Fly to it!" Says the Boss. "The Show is All Yours!"

"You've kept all your old stuff," says I. "What for, Tom?"

"Damn it, a man can't give up everything, can he? I was raised in the show business, Pete, and I love it. It's part of me—the biggest part, I guess. When I get the fever so bad that I can't stand it any longer I come up here and paint my face and try to imagine that I'm back under canvas again. . . . Oh, go ahead and laugh if you want to. I know I'm a fool."

"If you keep on talking like that, Tom," says I, "you'll have me crying instead of laughing."

He jumped for me and grabbed me by the shoulders.

"God love your old heart, Pete!" says he. "I thought you'd understand! You know me like a book, don't you?"

"I ought to, Tom, after all these years."

"Do you think I've changed any?" says he, sort of anxious.

"Not a bit."

"Do you think I could clown again if I had a chance?"

"You could go back to-morrow," says I, "and knock 'em out of their seats. They're hungry for you, Tom."

"Honest Injun, Pete?"

"I'd bet my life on it."

Tom drew a long breath.

"Listen," says he, lowering his voice and kicking the door shut. "I've doped out a lot of new stuff. Sometimes I think it would go big with an audience, and then again I ain't so sure. Maybe I don't get the points over the way I used to."

"You miss the laughs," says I.

"That's it! I miss the laughs. I think it's good pantomime stuff, but a man can never judge his own work. What if I've lost the knack of clowning from being out of the game so long? It's pretty tough to work up new acts when there's nobody to laugh but yourself—no encouragement—nothing to pick you up and carry you along. Lord! If I could only try it out once!"

"Try it out on me," says I.

He jumped up and began to unbutton his vest.

"Will you stand for it, Pete?" says he. "Would you just as soon?"

"I'm aching to see you work again," says I, "and you know I'm a pretty fair judge."

"That's what I want," says he, excited as a kid and peeling off his clothes. "And you'll tell me the truth, won't you? If it's rotten say so. Don't think you have to swell me up. Hand it to me straight."

Then he chased me outside and shut the door. He had the right idea too.

"If you see me put this new make-up on," says he, "it'll kill my entrance. I want you to get all of it and get it right."

Tom Chilvers was always a kid about most things, but when it came to pantomiming he dropped all his foolishness. No painter was half so particular about the right effects and the finishing touches. Clowning was the only serious business of his life and he put his heart and soul into it. Kings and queens have laughed at him and applauded him, and the famous pantomimists on the other side used to admit that there was nothing they could teach him about the game. Even the Great Rolland himself once came to Tom's dressing room and made him a low bow.

"Sir," says he, "you are an artist!"

And now this same Tom Chilvers, with all he knew and all he'd been and done, was thankful for a chance to clown in a barn loft for an audience of one—and a performer at that. If it wasn't pitiful, what would you call it?

By and by the door opened a crack.

"Here we are again, Pete!" says he.

"Bring on the dragons!" says I.

I won't describe Tom's new stuff, because Joe Pardelli is still in the business, stealing whatever he can. It's enough to say that I began to laugh the minute I laid eyes on the new make-up—and kept on laughing for half an hour.

Tom never spoke to me once—he didn't even look at me; but of all the pantomining I've seen in this country and abroad there never was anything to touch the work he did that day. From beginning to end it was finished, clean-cut, artistic, and he hadn't used a single one of the old ideas. Everything was new. At the end he laid his hand on his heart and bowed himself back into his dressing room. I followed.

"Well?" says he.

"Wonderful!" says I. "It's the best stuff you've ever done, Tom; and it goes as smooth as though you'd been doing it for years."

"I have," says he. "Let a man rehearse for eight years and his act ought to go smooth, Pete. You really like it?"

"I wouldn't lie to you," says I. "You're better than ever, and there's a finish to your work that it never had before. The man doesn't live who can clown in the same ring with you."

"Pardelli?" says Tom.

"Bah!" says I.

Well, I thought he'd be pleased; but he laid his head in his arms and groaned.

"Think of it, Pete!" says he. "Stuff like this—going to waste! Nobody will ever see it. Oh, if I could get out there once—just once, with an audience to work to!"

"Well," says I, "why can't you?"

"And have Maggie hear about it?" says he. "Everybody with the Big Show knows us both. It would be all over the country that Chilvers was back in the business again, and ——"

"Tom," says I, "where does a clown have the best chance to make good?"

It broke his train of thought, and I had to repeat the question before he got it.

"Why," says he, "with the little show, of course. The people are closer to you—they can see what you're doing and they get your point better. They —— Here, what are you driving at anyway?"

"Tom," says I, "don't you think we could frame up a fishing trip—Maine or Canada, or somewhere?"

"I never caught a fish in my life!" says he.

"Nor an idea," says I. "Haines Brothers' Circus is out in Illinois somewhere. Six cars and six thousand grafters! Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves ain't a marker to that outfit. They play nothing but the small towns. Now if an old showman wanted to hide himself ——"

"And—I—never—thought—of that!" says Tom, more to himself than to me.

"To-night I'll begin to talk fishing trip at the table," says I, "and don't you be too anxious to go or Maggie will suspect something is wrong. She knows my being here has given you the fever."

"If she should find out," says Tom, "she'd murder me."

"What she doesn't know won't hurt her," says I. "Where's The Canvasman? We can get the Haines route out of that."

Well, we put it over on Maggie, all right. She thought that a trip to Maine would be the very thing, and after it was settled Tom got so enthusiastic that I had to give him the eye once or twice

He calmed down then, but after Maggie had gone to bed Tom and I turned cart wheels all round the billiard room and Tom came within an ace of smashing one of the chandeliers with his feet.

"The old clown is going back, Pete!" says he. "Can you imagine it?"

III

WE FOUND our circus out in Southern Illinois playing the river towns. It was as hard an outfit as I thought it would be, and then some—the typical old-time grafting show, with the razorbacks robbing the clotheslines in the back yards while the parade was going by in front, and the dips picking the rubes' pockets on every corner.

We caught the parade before it went to the lot: a band of seven pieces on top of the tiger cage—one tiger and him dying of old age and lonesomeness; two elephants, one of 'em a whacking big bull with an awful disposition; a clown band on a baggage wagon; empty cages; some horses and riders; and Little Elizabeth, driving a dogcart. Little Elizabeth was the wardrobe woman with the show—fifty if she was a day.

Their star feature was the Celebrated Blue Bowallopus, captured at great expense in the heart of Africa. The Bowallopus wasn't anything but an ordinary cow, shaved and painted sky-blue in spots. Her horns were sawed off and her tail was cut short, and they kept her in a big cage. Four razorbacks stood on guard during show hours because the Bowallopus was supposed to be wild—and why wouldn't she be, with nothing to keep the flies off her? If the flies didn't happen to be bad enough one of the razorbacks would jab her with a spear, and then she was wild enough to suit anybody.

The man at the ticket window was a short-change artist; the ushers stalled for the pickpockets; the razorbacks attended to the rough stuff; and the grafters had the spindle-and-shell games all over the lot.

"Lovely!" says Tom. "Oh, lovely! It's just like old times, ain't it?"

Jim Haines was the boss—a cross-eyed man with red whiskers. Tom had the nerve to ask him whether he recognized the profession.

"Always, my boy!" says he. "Always—if they've got the price."

"How are you fixed for clown acts?" says I.

"I can use a couple of joeys," says Haines—"that is, if you'll double as flunkies in the cooktent."

Tom bought tickets at the window. He gave the man a five-dollar note, just to see him work. The board under the window had a ledge on it high enough to hold one coin back when a pile of 'em were slid out. Tom's change was fifty cents short.

"Come on!" says he. "Send in the holdout; I'm an old showman myself."

"All right, brother," says the ticket man, lifting his hand and uncovering the half dollar he'd been trying to steal.

Tom was wearing a beautiful diamond in his tie, and seven different mobs went after it between the main entrance and the reserves.

"Ain't it beautiful?" says he. "It reminds me of the first show I was ever with."

The performance wasn't so bad, though there wasn't a great deal of it. They had a couple of single traps for aërial stuff—a return act it was. The tumbling was fairly good, but half of the acrobats were only stalling and filling in. The riding was best of all and was done by a family. They appeared three times, doing a hurdle act, a jockey act and a carrying act.

The clowning was fierce, but you can't expect to see real clowning with a show where the joeys double as waiters. It was all knockabout stuff of the roughest kind; everybody out with a yell, soak somebody and back again.

"And these yaps laugh at it," says Tom. "Do you think they'll get me, Pete?"

"People are the same the world over," says I. "They laugh at this because they haven't got anything better to laugh at."

After the show we went to Haines and Tom made him a proposition.

"I want to put on some stuff here," says he. "You catch my act and if you like it we'll talk business. If you don't like it you're nothing out."

"That's fair enough," says Haines.

I never saw a man so nervous as Tom was before he made his first entrance. He was all ready at eight o'clock—and sweating under his make-up. Haines passed through the dressing tent just before the performance began.

"Where's all your props?" says he. "Haven't you got any bladders or stuffed clubs or anything?"

"No," says Tom.

"Well, what kind of a clown act have you got?" says the boss.

"Just a little pantomiming," says Tom.

"You'll die standing up!" says Haines.

He went away and Tom almost had a chill, he was so scared.

"Wouldn't it be awful if I didn't make good?" says he.

"Forget it!" says I. "Don't you remember how scared you were that night at the Crystal Palace in London? And they nearly tore the house down, didn't they? Well, it'll be the same way here."

Tom didn't march in the grand entry. He sat on his trunk, shaking like a man with the ague.

"Pete, if they don't laugh at me I'll die," says he. "I'll lie right down in the ring and pass away."

"They'll laugh," says I.

We waited in the connection for the first clown entry and those roughnecks thought they were having a lot of fun with Tom. The word had gone round that it was his first appearance with any show and the cookhouse comedians were fools enough to believe it.

The music cue came at last and away they went, running and jumping and yelling. Tom nearly crushed all the fingers on my right hand.

"Pull for me, Pete!" says he. "I wish I hadn't come."

"Go out and knock 'em dead!" says I. "You can do it."

Tom gathered up the tail of his clown coat and marched out, slow and dignified. The Haines Show had a ring at each end and an elevated stage in the middle; he headed straight for that. He hadn't any more than crossed the hippodrome track before the reserves began to chuckle; by the time he reached the stage the whole tent was with him and wasn't watching anything else.

He began one of the new acts. Every point as he made it got a laugh from the crowd, and as he went on the laugh grew into a solid roar. The other clowns, working on the track, stopped to watch him. The performers heard the commotion and came crowding into the entrance to see what was the matter. Last of all, the musicians quit playing; they were laughing so hard that they couldn't go on. The performers didn't know what to make of it.

"Who is he?"

"Where did he come from?"

"What's he doing here if he can clown like that?"

Well, it was a riot—a perfect knock-out. Tom Chilvers, without the help of his reputation or his name on the program, stopped that show, and stopped it dead and made it wait until he was ready to let it go on again.

At the finish of his act he climbed down from the stage and started round the hippodrome track; it was the same old stuff he used to use for an entrance when he was with the Big Show. The leader of the band came out of his trance, rapped on his music rack, and the boys began to play a slow march. The other clowns fell in behind Tom, and the sections stood up to cheer as he passed by It was an ovation—that's what it was; and when Tom came out in the connection the tears were running down his face. He grabbed me and shook me until my teeth rattled.

"The poor old clown hasn't forgot how!" says he. "Oh, Pete, ain't it glorious!"

Just then Haines came running up and took us both off into a corner.

"You're a nice one!" says he to Tom. "Why didn't you let me in on it?"

"Let you in on what?" says Tom.

"Nix!" says the boss. "You can't play me for a sucker, Tom Chilvers! I caught your act just once, and that was twelve years ago; but I made you out to-night as soon as you started round that hippodrome track!"

"But my name is Jones," says Tom—"Orlando Jones; and I don't know what you're talking about"

"All right, Orlando," says Haines, winking at me. "Make it John Smith if you want to; I'll never tip you off. There's a lot of folks with this show who aren't exactly hunting for publicity! You can clown for me under any old name you please, and what's the least you'll take? Let's talk turkey."

"Fair enough!" says Tom. "In the first place I'm Orlando Jones; don't forget it. I'm here because I'm under cover with some stuff I want to try out. Get me?"

Haines nodded.

"How much do you want?" says he. "And remember this ain't the Big Show."

"I want that elevated stage to work on," says Tom, "a couple of rehearsals with your band, and a section in a sleeper for me and my pal"

"Take the whole darned show!" says Haines. "You will anyway, if I know anything about the business. But how much money ——"

"Not a nickel!" says Tom. "I've got more money than I can use now"

"Well, I'm damned!" says Haines. "I don't get your angle, Mr. Orlando Jones, but your terms are easy and agreeable, to say the least. Have you got any more of that pantomime stuff?"

"A world of it!" says Tom.

"Fly to it!" says the boss. "If you say so I'll keep those cookhouse tramps out of the way while you work. The show is all yours!"

Tom put on the rest of his new acts that night and they went even bigger than the first one. After his third appearance they called him back and insisted on an encore. Take it all round, it was a night that neither one of us will ever forget.

While the razorbacks were striking the tents there was a nice little clem out on the lot. The rubes who had been trimmed got together and started something they couldn't finish. As soon as the first yell

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"The Kids Ride in a Limousine With Their Governess. Can You Imagine That, Pete?"

HIRING—By Forrest Crissey

"The Country Boy Generally Has the Real Stuff in Him; He is Used to Hard Work"

HUMAN nature is always the unknown quantity in the equation of business. It is the slippery, elusive *x* which, reduced to final results, gives in plain figures the net of success or failure. Almost every other element in business is amenable to scientific analysis, and its influence on results may be figured out in advance with approximate accuracy; but when the element of human performance is injected into the problem, scientific analysis becomes something of a sporting proposition. Though modern business psychology is by no means ready to throw up its hands and confess inability to establish principles that will work out the problem, it grows suddenly modest and asks for an extension of time for further investigation.

Meantime every man in business is backing with his money his judgment of this evasive, mysterious unknown quantity. He has to do this or get out of business; and if his judgment on this point is particularly poor he has to do both!

This means that probably the most important factor in modern business is the ability to pick men for specific performance with a soundness of judgment—a shrewdness of insight—that justifies itself in a majority of cases; for most of the business of to-day, most of the world's work, is done by delegated authority and by the hand of the hireling.

There are thousands of men in business to-day who might truthfully subscribe to this confession, made by a man who retired from active business with the fortune he had inherited substantially diminished.

"I am a failure and a misfit," says this man, "because I do not know how to hire men. I cannot pick a man for the performance of a specific task with any better chance of seeing my choice justified than I should have in choosing between the red or the black as a resting place for my bet at a roulette table. It is a gamble, pure and simple, in which I do not appear to have that portion of luck proverbially ascribed to fools. Others, many others, undeniably have this trick of judgment or this system of selection, as the case may be, highly developed. It is the key to success in these days when employees outnumber employers a thousand to one, and when comparatively small concerns employ a force of men that would have been thought large a decade or two ago, and stake the outcome on the loyalty of hired men and on their capacity to perform the work for which they are hired."

Scouting for Good Salesmen

"WHEN I have reached the conclusion that this ability to pick men is wholly a gift, an instinct, then some instance has come to my attention to shake this conviction and indicate that, in a measure at least, it is a thing that can be learned, a capacity that can be cultivated by mental application, an art in that the experiences of others may be applied with some measure of success by those who seem to be a little short in the natural gift for sizing up men. If it is true that out of common experience any sound rules or solid deductions have been worked, then it is certain that the business world needs to know about them. I am not the only man who has made a failure of an executive business career because of an inability to hire the right men; in fact, I belong to a very numerous, respectable and altogether chastened company."

This man's second thought was better than his first; for it is an undeniable fact that the experience of others is capable of yielding useful conclusions, in this difficult and complex problem of business, to the man who is only moderately endowed with the ability to pick the right man for the job in hand.

As good salesmanship is the lifeblood of every business enterprise, let the selection of salesmen be first considered. And because those manufacturers and merchants who employ a small or moderate sized sales force are in the majority, the experience of a business executive who has hired his own salesmen is most likely to be typical and of help to a great number of perplexed employers in much the same position.

Not long ago the head of a successful hardware specialty concern, located in a city of thirty thousand inhabitants about fifty miles from Chicago, retired because he had made a comfortable fortune and wished to be free to enjoy it. He owned practically all the stock in his corporation and made his clean-up by selling to a rival concern in the same city. He had started as a hired salesman with this enterprise when it was a private copartnership, and had, through the leverage of brilliant salesmanship, gained a position with the company that finally placed the control and virtual ownership in his hands.

After he became its president—in fact, up to the day of his retirement—he made frequent trips on the road.

"I kept up this practice," he declares, "for the nominal purpose of keeping in touch with the trade; but in reality these trips were secret scouting expeditions after fresh recruits for my selling force. No; do not jump to the conclusion that I followed this practice because it gave me an opportunity to fall in with the salesmen of other houses in the same line, and to watch them perform when they were out after business! To my mind, about the poorest policy that any house can pursue is to recruit its sales force from the ranks of its competitors' men. That was not where I was looking for new timber. I have always preferred to pick my salesmen green and ripen them in my own way. You may be able to teach an old dog new tricks, but you will seldom be able to unteach him the faults acquired under the hand of a former master. The comparison is homely but it tells the whole story.

"Besides, there are many other reasons why adopted salesmen are not equal to those who are born of your own blood and raised by hand in your own house. When you get a salesman away from a competitor you are, generally speaking, able to do so from one of two causes—because you are willing to pay an attractive premium to get him away from his employer, or because his employer is willing to unload him on you. In either case the bargain is likely to be too expensive.

"Then, too, there is the question of loyalty and enthusiasm. My experience is that the house which has the making of a salesman generally holds a controlling interest in that salesman's loyalty to the end of his days, no matter how much salary he may receive from the competitor who buys him at a premium—as the Sox bought Hal Chase from the Yankees. This applies to men who have made good in their original environment. They intend to deliver the goods in their new connection, but they are unable to overcome the pull of their old loyalty and old associations.

"As to the salesman who is lacking in that sense of loyalty and is as much at home in his new surroundings as in the old, and who in his heart never really believed that the goods on which his reputation as a salesman was made were better than those of his competitors—the services of that salesman are expensive at any price. He is a natural vagrant, without capacity for attachment or for an honest trade enthusiasm.

"Once or twice I have been tempted into taking on a man from another house—buying him as a baseball magnate buys a coveted pitcher. And every time I have tried the experiment I have been stung. These purchased salesmen, especially those that are adroitly wished on you by competitors, have one common characteristic—an inclination to knock the other houses in the line. Of course there are exceptions, but generally they seem to feel that they are not earning their premium if they fail to do this."

Bargains That are Always Bad

"MY FIRST eye-opener in this respect was a man for whom I had to bid handsomely. He was as plausible as a confession of first love and had more pep than a mule colt. I thought I had dislodged a winner from the pay roll of an unappreciative competitor; but that man had not been on the road a week before a good customer, who had my interest at heart, wired me that this man was spending his time knocking competitors instead of selling goods, and that I had better call him off before he did any more damage. I did; and that experience helped mightily to confirm me in the conviction that the man who takes a salesman from a competitor, no matter in how open and aboveboard a manner, generally drives a bad bargain.

"All this, however, is on the score of how not to do it. Now for the positive side of the proposition and its results. When I arrived at a settled conclusion that the way to keep my selling force loyal, enthusiastic and efficient was to take on only raw recruits and not trained officers of the line, I made up my mind where this material was to be found—in the houses of my customers. At first it occurred to me that this might be a dangerous thing to attempt and likely to lose me the goodwill of customers from whom I took good men; but it did not work out that way in actual practice. I never took a man from a jobbing house or a retail store without discussing the matter with the merchant before I mentioned it to the man himself. That cleared the ground of all snags and never left a sore behind.

"Business is not so hard and heartless as it often seems from mere surface indications. The merchants who let men go into my employ did so because they felt that these employees would thereby get a chance at a bigger future than if they remained in the store. In a way, too, those merchants seemed to be flattered that a manufacturer of goods in their line wanted one of their men as a road salesman.

"On these scouting expeditions I was never in a hurry, and I always made it a point to go to a store at the busiest hour of the day, so that I could see the men in action. In this way I picked the man with whom I wished to get acquainted. Then, a little before closing time, I would call again and ask him to dine with me. This gave us a good square chance to talk. If the clerk or house salesman had an ambition to go on the road it was sure to come out in such a conversation – along with all his antecedents, something of his home life, and a lot of personal things that he had probably never told his employer.

"I do not recall that I ever hired a man with whom I had not had several of these intimate visits. If he was a married man I generally made him feel that we were on sufficiently intimate terms so that an invitation to spend an evening in his home would be acceptable. When I know what kind of a wife a salesman has and have sounded his home surroundings I can tell more about what sort of backing he will have in his life on the road, provided I decide to send him out, than I could gain in any other way.

"The wife of a traveling salesman can make or break him, provided his other points of equipment are good; and generally she does one or the other. My little social peeps into the homes of prospective salesmen have been worth to me many times the trouble they have cost. I have passed up more than one good prospect because I had met his wife and concluded that she was temperamentally disqualified for giving him the kind of moral support that a man on the road must have to make good. On the other hand, I have hired several men—who did not promise quite so well—because they had wives who would be pillars of strength.

"What are the results of this system of picking salesmen from behind the counters of retail stores? That can be given from a very disinterested viewpoint. Some three years ago I sold my business to a rival concern—one that picked its salesmen from competitors and felt that it had a strong force. Just the other day the president told me that every salesman I had turned over to him was still with the company, while only two remained of those who were with him when he went into the consolidation."

As America has many factories of about the size and class of that represented by the man who learned to pick his salesmen in the raw from behind the counters of his country customers, it is interesting to ask: What about hiring help for the mechanical department of a factory of this representative size and character?

Nearly every manufacturer operating a plant of any size can tell to a dot the friction load he is carrying, but comparatively few of them can give an intelligent guess as to the percentage of floaters on their pay rolls. According to the keenest employers of mechanical labor, it is just as important to keep the percentage of floaters down to the minimum as it is to hold the friction load of the plant down to the bottom notch. It costs money to hire, to train and to fire men, and the transients have no cumulative value; they represent the friction load.

Eliminating Floaters

"AT THE outset of my experience as an executive," says a manufacturer who has been particularly successful in the hiring of men, "I did not realize the importance of this. Evidently the man who had preceded me as president of the company had given almost no consideration to the problem of the floater, so far as his engagement of factory help was concerned; for, when I began to suspect that the floater brought into the plant the highest percentage of trouble possibilities, I made an investigation and found that fully fourteen per cent of the mechanical men on our pay roll were rank and outright floaters. Right there I started out with a determination never to hire another floater unless his case presented unusual and overwhelming reasons why he should be made an exception to this rule.

"At the end of the first year I had reduced the percentage of transients on the shop pay roll to five per cent. When I happened to discuss this matter with the head of an establishment employing a regular force of twelve hundred hands he confessed that he did not know the percentage of floaters on his own pay roll, but would know it very shortly. Soon he came to me with a very anxious face and said:

"'I have found out—it's exactly fifty per cent; but it isn't going to be that for the next year, for I recognize that you have led me to the discovery of perhaps the weakest spot in our whole business. Here is a menace that must be eliminated!'

"This one point of practice in hiring factory help of the nontransient character has been the most valuable of any I have worked out. The next best rule evolved by my own experience is to give preference to the boy or the youth from the country. When an applicant for a shop position tells me that his home is on a farm, and that he wants to go into a shop because he likes mechanics, his stock goes up right away with me. Why? Because the country boy generally has the real stuff in him; he is not only used to hard work but he has not been reared in the atmosphere of clock watching. He expects to work and to give an honest return for the wages he receives. Generally he has better moral fiber in him than the town or city boy, simply because it has not been vitiated by corroding associations.

"In this view I am concerned only with what may be called shop morals—the employee's mental attitude toward his work and his employer. Of course there are thousands of city boys who are clean, fine lads, and make conscientious and efficient workmen—better than lots of boys from the country; but in this comparison I am dealing with the rule as I have found it, and not the exception.

"Naturally you might think that the son of a capable mechanic ought to be about the best possible prospect for a shop position. Not for me, however! If the father has acquired any shifty little shop tricks it is a safe bet that the boy will not only start with these in his equipment, but he will soon be able to 'go the old man one better' in that direction. Put the comparison in an extreme way for the sake of getting the contrast: The farm boy says to himself: 'I must make good in this shop, and I'll have to put in my best licks to do it, because I'm at a little disadvantage in coming from the country.' The town boy says: 'I'm going to get wise and not kill myself at this job. The fellows who are slick and let the ambitious guys carry the load get along just as well.'

"Probably this is a little overdrawn, and I repeat that there are thousands of exceptions to it; but, at the same time, it is a sufficiently true picture of the average attitude of these boys to make me fill every shop position possible with timber from the country, instead of from the city or town. I even carry this practice to the extent of asking every applicant, no matter what may be his age or experience, whether he was brought up in the country; and an affirmative answer counts well in his favor.

"Again, I seldom fail to hire an applicant for a beginner's position who shows me that he is the son of a widow in poor circumstances. I do not recall that I have ever had one of this sort who has failed to make good. They have a keener sense of responsibility and are more accustomed to hustling than boys with a father back of them.

"I never hire a mechanic who comes at me with samples of his work. That trick is about as immortal as the goldbrick game and quite as shallow. Of course I fell for it once or twice; but a man who has bought two gold bricks ought to feel that he has done his duty by the bunko workers. Then, too, I keep a sharp eye out for any signs of carelessness. Unconsciously, for this purpose, I watch an applicant from the moment he enters the room. If he stumbles, blunders against the furniture, pushes about heedlessly, or gives any of a thousand indications that his mind is not in close control of his movements, his chances of getting a place with me are decidedly diminished.

"In these days, when the law defines the employer's responsibility in terms that would almost make him liable for the death of a workman who deliberately threw himself into a machine for the purpose of committing suicide, the temperamentally careless workman is about as big a peril in a shop as a stick of dynamite would be. This may seem to be putting it a little strong, but there are few manufacturers who will not echo this sentiment."

Rough-and-Ready Psychology

"FORTUNATELY in the days before the Federal Employers' Liability Act was in existence a butterfingered workman dropped a wrench into an expensive machine and did several hundred dollars' worth of damage. That was enough to set me thinking on the subject of carelessness. From that time I have consistently scrutinized every applicant to see whether he bore any scars or other evidences that he had ever had an accident. If so, he has had to give convincing proof that the mishap was not in any manner the result of his own carelessness or negligence.

"Then, too, the temperament that causes accidents is betrayed by the man's movements and his general bearing. The almost complete immunity from accidents in our shop since I made a serious study of this matter is sufficient proof to me that it pays to make this a prime consideration in the hiring of men, particularly of men who must work with and about machinery."

Naturally, the larger the concern the more highly specialized is the task of hiring, and the greater the tendency and the opportunity to introduce scientific methods of selection. The manufacturer who not only hires all his salesmen and office help but also most of his factory hands—and incidentally fills the job of president or manager of the business—is inclined to rely largely on instinct and a few simple rules that have been crystallized by his own mistakes and successes. He has no time to go into an elaborate, scientific scheme for sifting the wheat from the chaff, and he has seldom dug very deeply into the works of the keen and determined investigators along this line. Probably he would not know how to read an employment psychology chart if one were placed on his desk.

Perhaps, too, he is inclined to look a little askance at this machine method of picking employees. At any rate he represents the most numerous class of manufacturers; and, therefore, the working rules he evolves from hard experience are of broadest application and of greatest interest. There are a thousand employers who must select their men by giving applicants the "once over," asking a few keen questions and then making their decision along simple lines like those already indicated, to one who can apply the scientific method involving a somewhat elaborate system of tests and records.

Without considering, for the moment, the present or future value of such systems, it is well to remember that it will undoubtedly be many years before the average manufacturer, jobber, merchant or business man will make thorough and consistent use of such a scheme, which, like an efficiency plan, is useless unless it

"The Wife of a Traveling Salesman Can Make or Break Him"

is consistently and intelligently applied. Thousands of employers no doubt might now profit by the adoption of such a plan; but it looks cumbersome and mysterious to them, and they delay the experiment until they have grown bigger.

Now for a glance at the hiring methods of a larger business, one that is really a big concern in every sense of the term, the shares of which are listed on every important stock exchange in the country and ordinarily command a handsome premium—and, at the same time, a corporation that still feels itself not quite large enough to indulge in an elaborate scientific and psychological system for the selection of its employees.

The sales manager of such a concern, who has a wide reputation for precision of performance, was asked how he picks his men. Here is his reply:

"Though first appearances count with me as they do with all men who have the heavy responsibility of hiring salesmen, I try not to permit them to be final. There are few duplicates of Sherlock Holmes in business—men who are able to give an applicant the 'once over' and read his whole life story in a single glance at his face, his hands and his clothes.

"Love at first sight is generally held to be an altogether too slender basis on which to form a matrimonial partnership. So it is with hiring a salesman. True, selecting a salesman is not quite so serious a matter as marriage, but it is certainly serious enough to warrant the comparison. In either case there is plenty of reason for as much caution as circumstances will permit. Too many 'singed cats' have turned out to be remarkable performers in the salesmanship field to warrant a manager in relying wholly on his snap judgment of a first appearance.

"Consequently when an applicant enters my office I force myself to remember that he is undoubtedly nervous; that probably the office seems big, strange and formidable to him; that the interview is something of an ordeal to him, and that he will not be quite normal until he is made to feel measurably at home in his surroundings. So my first effort is to take a little of the scare out of him.

"On the other hand, if he has enough intelligence and poise to be a good salesman he will have prepared himself for the interview as to his dress and personal appearance, his command of himself and his presentation of his case. To be decidedly lacking in any of these particulars would make one short interview sufficient for his elimination."

Questioning Applicants by System

"THE important points to be determined in connection with every applicant I receive are whether he has the intelligence, the character, the experience and the kind of ability I can mold into a good salesman of our goods. Almost unconsciously I have evolved a system of questioning an applicant that starts with the present and runs straight back to his boyhood; then, after a few minutes' chat, I take the back trail and retrace his story from boyhood.

"There is nothing wonderful about this, but I have found that it seldom fails to do three things: First, it gives me a good idea of the man's ability to focus his mind on the case he wishes to present, and to get it before his auditor in a clear, logical and convincing way; second, it usually enables me to detect any gaps in his story, any episodes or connections he is inclined to pass over lightly; third, it helps in the detection of any misrepresentation—for in this retracing of his first outline of his career I insist on details which, when fitted together, make a fairly complete account of his career.

"The applicant who sticks tight to the text and gives all the information in a simple and straightforward way is, of course, the man who makes a hit with me—provided he tells me nothing that would reflect on his acceptability. Naturally I inquire closely into the reasons why he left each successive employer. This gives him a chance to 'knock,' and if he avails himself of it beyond a certain reasonable point—I am through with him then and there. No man wants a sorehead or a knocker to represent him on the road, in an office or behind a counter.

"Throughout all this questioning I do my best to make the man feel that he is having a friendly conversation instead of being put on the witness stand. Meantime I have studied the applicant's appearance closely and have reached some conclusions on that basis. If I have not found any reason for rejecting him I take measures for giving myself a chance to consider him when his personality is not before me; I want an opportunity to look at him as a customer on whom he had called would consider him after he had terminated a first call for business.

"Some men who are quicker in decision, who lean more heavily on their first impressions, do not do this. They say 'Yes' or 'No' on the spot; but I am never satisfied to do this so long as there is any doubt, one way or the other. I want to get what I call the customer's view of the impression left by this man. Consequently I hand the man an application blank, to be filled out and returned by mail. Some of the questions asked on the blank are probably unimportant, but the answering of them develops the man's ability to give information in a crisp, definite and systematic way—something a salesman on the road must do every day. Then this detailed report gives me a chance to check against his verbal statements, and to see whether, through carelessness or intent, there are any discrepancies between the two.

"If his written application and my own review of the man and his interview are satisfactory, he is sent for and asked to make a second call. Any points of doubt are then cleared up and he is given his answer. There are specific faults that discharge a man from further consideration when detected in either the first or second interview. These are: A whisky breath, untidiness, untruthfulness, evasion, or a repellent manner.

"Of course I have made many mistakes in my estimates of men; but as I have never left an employer except on my own initiative, or made a change except to go into a better position at larger pay, I must conclude that my system of selecting men has justified itself.

"Occasionally I take a chance on rather unpromising material, impelled by the motive of wishing to see the result of the development of a certain combination of qualities. No doubt every sales manager who has a comparatively large force in the field does this to some extent.

"Once a strapping young man came to me, who was so awkward, so grotesque in his dress and so lacking in conversational powers that the idea of his masquerading as a traveling salesman for a big house was almost amusing. There were just three things in his favor: A highly desirable trade acquaintance; a physical equipment that could stand any strain, and a determination as strong as his body. There were also certain intangible misgivings in the back of my mind in connection with this man that I could not quite drag out into the daylight. I employed him on the justification that I was entitled to make at least one laboratory experiment.

"And it was worth while. That man taught me the value of sheer physique in a salesman. He never tired and never knew when to quit. Most of what he accomplished was achieved by sheer strength and persistence. He made a good salesman and earned a fair salary; but I never saw him without thinking of what he could have accomplished had he been gifted with the mental equipment or the personal graces of any of a dozen other salesmen on our pay roll—and, also, of what any of them could have done with his physical driving power.

"In a word, I am sure that after my experiment with this man I was always more careful to consider the physical equipment of applicants; and I believe that a failure to do this is a common fault of sales managers. Then, too, it made me feel that an occasional experiment is a justified investment on the part of a sales manager who has quite a large force to maintain.

"One thing has been drilled into me by my own experience, which is, that too much stress may be laid on the nature and extent of the applicant's experience. For example, a young man once came to me and made a strong plea for a position on our selling force. I liked his appearance and he came of good stock, with the right traditions behind him; but he confessed to two damaging facts—he was wholly without experience as a salesman, and he was working for barely enough to keep himself and his young wife in the most meager way. He said the size of the job he held and the pinching they were obliged to do did not worry him any, because he was using it purely as a makeshift and had determined to settle on the position that just suited him and then go after it hard. I turned him down, and he left the office with a smile on his face. I had told him the truth—that we were not really in need of another man just then.

"About a month later he was back again with the same smile, or a brighter one.

"'I'm not hunting for a job!' he exclaimed. 'I'm after this position, with this house. I've been studying your goods and your methods, and I'm going to stick right where I am until I can go with you.'

"This was a challenge that I could not ignore, and I began to examine him on his knowledge of our goods and our distinctive ways of doing business. There was where he had me. He knew almost as much about our line as our best salesman; and his account of our methods would have convinced the head merchandise and credit men that he must have worked in the house. All this knowledge he had obtained by talking with our customers. That seemed to have been his favorite pastime.

"He was insistent that all he wanted was a chance; so I hired him at the lowest salary on record in the house—but he did not stay there long. After he had learned a few things about salesmanship he began to let out his pace and show his mettle. He proved to me that he had a sincere and enthusiastic faith in our goods and our house. I have always felt that he had justified his own judgment rather than mine. When I left the house he was getting something better than five thousand dollars a year. I cannot imagine him as selling the goods of another concern, because he is so strong for our goods and our house."

"The Man Who Takes a Salesman From a Competitor Generally Drives a Bad Bargain"

Men Who Sell Employers' Secrets

"THAT kind of salesman is the best kind in the world. Whenever I suspect an applicant of that young man's viewpoint I hire him; for there is no doubt that Jimmy was sincere in what he said to me the first time he called—he wanted to work for our house because he believed in us and our goods, and their future, with the faith of an enthusiast."

There is one element in hiring men that is nearly always considered by the manager whenever an applicant from a competitive concern makes his appearance, and that is the ability and willingness of a man to deliver trade secrets acquired in the position he has left or hopes to leave. Though this practice is by no means extinct, it is far from being so fashionable as it was before the modern trade associations demonstrated that teamwork in an industry is much more profitable than stealing or buying trade secrets. The keen up-to-date manager will seldom fail to sound an applicant on this point. Either the manager is positively against the policy of hiring a squealer or else he is eager to acquire all the inside dope that he can buy regarding his competitors' secrets; but the general attitude of progressive business men is reflected in the experience of the manager of a large and efficient sales force, who says:

"Only a few days ago I was interviewed by a salesman from a large competitive concern. He put up the best talk to sell his service that I have ever heard. His personality was immensely attractive and he presented his case with a logic and crispness that made me smile as I thought how admirably he would handle our big customers. Again, he had gauged my own requirements to a nicety; in fact, I felt that here was the best find I had ever made. In less than ten minutes he had sold himself to me and I was ready to meet any reasonable figure he might name; but suddenly he reached into his bag, drew out a thick stack of typewritten documents and placed them on my desk. By the gleam in his eyes it was plain to be seen that he felt he was adding the finishing touch to his conquest. One glance at the stuff was enough to show me that it was confidential information which revealed in detail the inner workings of the houses with which he had been associated.

"The interview ended right there! I would not have hired that man under any circumstances; for, of course, he would have done the same trick by us later. If a manufacturer is mistaken enough to feel that he must have secret information about the inside of his competitors' business, and has not moral stamina enough to withstand this temptation, he should at least protect himself by buying the information outright instead of hiring the squealer and thereby giving him a chance to collect information to be sold to another competitor later."

The active head of a certain large manufacturing concern in the Middle West was once one of the most widely employed efficiency men in America. His investigations extended to scores of plants of widely varying character. His work was recognized as thoroughly practical and dealt largely with the human equation. Therefore his views on hiring men have a special value. He declares that highly scientific methods of selecting help like telephone operators and street-car motormen are undoubtedly successful along certain restricted lines, where the requirements are not too complex; but that this science is now in its infancy

(Concluded on Page 35)

THE PRAIRIE WIFE

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

IV

MONDAY, the twelfth. What would you say if you saw Brunhild drive up to your back door? What would you do if you discovered a Norse goddess placidly surveying you from a green wagon seat? How would you act if you beheld a big blond Valkyr suddenly introducing herself into your little earthly affairs? Well, can you wonder that I stared, all eyes, when Dinky-Dunk brought home a figure like this, in the shape of a Finn girl named Olga Sarristo? Olga is to work in the fields and to help me when she has time. But I'll never get used to having a Norse legend standing at my elbow, for Olga is the most wonderful creature I have ever clapped eyes on. I say that without doubt and without exaggeration. And what made the picture complete, she came driving a yoke of oxen—for Dinky-Dunk will have need of every horse and hauling animal he can lay his hands on. I simply held my breath as I stared up at her, high on her wagon seat, blocked out in silhouette against the pale sky line, a Brunhild with cowhide boots on.

I Lay Full Length on the Sod, Wondering Why the Solid Ground Was Rocking Like a Boat

She wore a pale blue petticoat and a Swedish-looking black shawl with bright-colored flowers worked along the hem. She had no hat. But she had two great ropes of pale gold hair, almost as thick as my arm, and hanging as low as her hips. She looked colossal up on the wagon seat, but when she got down on the ground she was not so immense. She is, however, a strapping big woman, and I don't think I ever saw such shoulders! She is Olympian, Titanic! She makes me think of the Venus de Milo; there's such a largeness and calmness and smoothness of surface about her. I suppose a Saint-Gaudens might say that her mouth was too big, and a Gibson might add that her nose hadn't the narrow rectitude of a Greek statue's, but she's a beautiful, a beautiful—"woman" was the word I was going to write, but the word "animal" just bunts and shoves itself in, like a stabled cow insisting on its own stall. But if you regard her as only animal you must at least accept her as a perfect one. Her mouth is large, but I never saw such red lips, full and red and dewy. Her forehead is low and square, but milky and smooth, and I know she could crack a chicken bone between those white teeth of hers. Even her tongue, I noticed, is a watermelon red. She must be healthy. Dinky-Dunk says she's a find—that she can drive a double seeder as well as any man in the West, and that by taking her for the season he gets the use of the ox team as well. He warned me not to ask her about her family, as only a few weeks ago her father and younger brother were burned to death in their shack, a hundred miles north of us.

Tuesday, the twentieth. Olga has been with us a week, and she still fascinates me. She is installed in the annex and seems calmly satisfied with her surroundings. She brought everything she owns tied up in an oat sack. I have given her a few of my things, for which she seems dumbly grateful. Most of her underwear, I found, was made out of sugar-bags, washed and bleached and pieced together with a patience that made me ashamed of my extravagance. She seldom talks and never laughs. But I am teaching her to say "Yes" instead of "Yaw." She studies me with her limpid blue eyes, and if she is silent she is never sullen. She hasn't the heavy forehead and jaw of the Galician women, and she hasn't the Asiatic cast of face that belongs to the Russian peasant. And she has the finest mouthful of teeth I ever saw in a human head—and she has never used a toothbrush in her life! She is only nineteen, but such a bosom, such limbs, such strength! This is a great deal of talk about Olga, I'm afraid, but you must remember that Olga is an event. I expected Olie would be keeled over by her arrival, but they seem to regard each other with silent contempt. I suppose that is because racially and physically they are of the same type. I'm anxious to see what Percival Benson thinks of Olga when he gets back—they would be such opposites. Olga is working with her ox team on the land. Two days ago I rode out on Paddy and watched her. There was something Homeric about it, something Sorolla would have jumped at. She seemed so like her oxen. She moved like them, and her eyes were like theirs. She has the same strength and solemnity when she walks. She's so primitive and natural and instinctive in her actions. Yesterday after dinner she curled up on a pile of hay at one end of the corral and fell asleep for a few minutes, flat in the strong noonday light. I saw Dinky-Dunk stop on his way to the stable and stand and look down at her. I slipped out beside him. "What a woman!" he said under his breath. A vague stab of jealousy went through me as I heard him say that. Then I looked at her hand, large, relaxed, roughened by all kinds of weather and calloused with heavy work. And this time it was an equally vague stab of pity that went through me.

Monday, the twenty-sixth. The rush is on and Dinky-Dunk is always out before six. Every one is busy and I do what I can to help. I don't know why it is, but I find an odd comfort in the thought of having another woman near me, even Olga. She also helps me a great deal with the housework. Those huge hands of hers have a dexterity you'd never dream of. She thinks the piano a sort of miracle, and me a second miracle for being able to play it. In the evening she sits back in a corner—the darkest corner she can find—and listens. She never speaks, never moves, never expresses one iota of emotion. But in the gloom I can often catch the animal-like glow of her eyes. They seem almost phosphorescent. Dinky-Dunk had a long letter from Percival Benson to-day. It was interesting and offhandedly jolly and just the right sort. And Percy says he'll be back on the Tichborne place in a few weeks.

Wednesday, the twenty-eighth. Olga went through the boards of her wagon box and got a bad scrape on her leg. She showed me the extent of her injuries without the slightest hesitation, and I gave her first-aid treatment. And still again I had to think of the Venus de Milo, for it was a knee like a statue's, milky white and round and smooth, with a skin like a baby's and so different from her sunburned forearms. It was Olympian more than Fifth Avenuey. It was a leg that made me think not of Rubens but of Titian, and my thoughts at once went out to the right-hand lady of the Sacred and Profane Love in the Borghese, there was such softness and roundness combined with its strength. And Dinky-Dunk walked in and stood staring at it without so much as a word of apology. Olga looked up at him without a flicker of her oxlike eyes. It wasn't until I made an angry motion for her to drop her skirt that she realized any necessity for covering the Titian knee. But again I felt that odd pang of jealousy needle through me as I saw his face. At least I suppose it was jealousy, the jealousy of an artful little Mona Lisa minx who didn't even class in with the demigods.

When Olga had gone, however, I said to Dinky-Dunk:

"Isn't that a limb for your life?"

He merely said: "We don't grow limbs up here, Tabby. They're legs, just plain legs!"

"Anything but plain!" I corrected him.

Then he acknowledged that he'd seen those knees before. He'd stumbled on Olga and her brother knee-deep in mud, treading a mixture with which to plaster their shack. It left me less envious of those Junoesque knees.

Monday, the second. Casa Grande is a beehive of industry. Every one has a part to play. I am no longer expected to sit by the fire and purr. At nights I sew. Dinky-Dunk is so hard on his clothes! When it's not putting on patches it's sewing on buttons. Then we go to bed at half past nine. At half past nine, think of it! Little me, who more than once went humming up Fifth Avenue when morning was showing gray over the East River, and who often left Sherry's—oh, those dear old dancing days!—when the milk wagons were rumbling through Forty-fourth Street, and who once triumphantly announced, on coming out of another well-known place and studying the old oyster-letter clock, that I'd stuck it out to Y minutes past O! But it's no hardship to get up at five these glorious mornings. The days get longer and the weather is perfect. And the prairie looks as though a vacuum-cleaner had been at work on it overnight. Positively there's a charwoman who does this old world over while we sleep! By morning it's as bright as a new pin. And out here every one is thinking of the day ahead; Dinky-Dunk of his crop; Olga of the pair of sky-blue corsets I've ordered for her by mail from Winnipeg; Olie of the final waterproofing of the granaries so the wheat won't get spoiled any more; Gee-Gee of—of something which she's almost afraid to think about. Dinky-Dunk, in his deviling moods, says I'm an old married woman now, that I'm settled, that I've eaten my pie! Perhaps I have. I'm not imaginative, so I must depend on others for my joy of living. I know now that I can never create, never really express myself in any way worth while, either on paper or canvas or keyboard. And people without imagination, I suppose, simply have to drop back to racial simplicities—which means I'll have to have a family and to feed hungry mouths and to keep a home going. And I'll have to get all my art at second hand from magazines and talking machine records and from plaster of Paris casts. Just a housewife! And I so wanted to be something more—once! Yet I wonder if, after all, the one is so much better than the other. I wonder. And here comes my Dinky-Dunk, and in three minutes he'll be kissing me on the tip of the chin and asking what there's going to be good for supper! By the way, Olga is not so stupid as you might imagine. She's discovered something which I didn't intend her to find out!

Tuesday, the tenth. I've been wondering if Dinky-Dunk is going to fall in love with Olga. Yesterday I saw him staring at her neck. She's the type of woman that would really make the right sort of wilderness wife. She seems

We've Had a Real Windstorm This Time, With Rain and Hail

an integral part of the prairie, broad-bosomed and brooding and motherly. And she's so placid and large and soft-spoken and easy to live with. She has none of my moods and tantrums. Her corsets came to-day, and I showed her how to put them on. She is incontinently proud of them, but they only make her ridiculous. It's as foolish as putting a French toque on one of her oxen. The skin of Olga's great shoulders is as smooth and creamy as a baby's. I have been watching her eyes. They are not a dark blue, but in a strong side light they seem deep wells of light, layer on layer of azure. And she is mysterious to me, calmly and magnificently inscrutable. And I once thought her an uncouth animal. But she is a great help. She has planted rows and rows of sweet peas all about Casa Grande and is starting to make a kitchen garden, which she's going to fence off and look after with her own hands. It will be twice the size of Olie's. But I do hope she doesn't ever grow into something mysterious to my Dinky-Dunk. This morning she said I ought to work in the garden, that the more I kept on my feet the better it would be for me later on!

Monday, the sixteenth. All day Saturday Olga and Dinky-Dunk were off in the chuck wagon, working too far away to come home for dinner. The thought of their being out there, side by side, hung over me like a cloud. I remembered how he had absently stared at the smooth column of her neck. And I pictured him stopping in his work and studying her. What man wouldn't be impressed by such bodily magnificence, such lavish and undulating youth and strength? And there's something so soft and diffused about those oxlike eyes of hers! You do not take exception then to her eyes being such a pale blue, any more than you would accuse summer moonlight of not being ruddy. And those unruffled blue eyes never seem to see you; they rather seem to bathe you in a gaze as soft and impersonal as moonlight itself. I simply couldn't stand it any more. I got on Paddy and galloped out for my Dinky-Dunk as though it were my sudden and solemn duty to save him from some imminent and awful catastrophe. I stopped on the way to watch a couple of prairie chickens minueting through the turns of their vernal courtships. The pompous little beggars with puffed-out wattles and neck ruffs were positively doing cancans and two-steps along the prairie floor. And love was in the air that perfect spring afternoon, even for the animal world. So instead of riding openly and honestly up to Dinky-Dunk and Olga I kept under cover as much as I could and stalked them, as though I had been a timber wolf. Then I felt thoroughly and unspeakably ashamed of myself, for I caught sight of Olga high on her wagon, like a Valkyr on a cloud, and Dinky-Dunk was hard at work a good two miles away. He was a little startled to see me come cantering up on Paddy. I don't know whether it was silly or not, but I told him straight out what had brought me. It seemed contemptible and I wanted to cleanse my soul of it. He hugged me like a bear and then sat down on the prairie and laughed. "With that cow?" he cried. And I'm sure no man could ever call the woman he loves a cow! I believe Dinky-Dunk suspects something. He's just asked me to be more careful about riding Paddy." And he's been more solemnly kind lately. But I'll never tell him—never—never!

Tuesday, the twenty-fourth. Percy will be back to-morrow. It will be a different looking country from what it was when he left! I've been staring up at a cobalt sky and begin to understand why people used to think heaven was somewhere up in the midst of such celestial blue. And on the prairie the sky is your first and last friend. Wasn't it Emerson who somewhere said that the firmament was the daily bread for one's eyes? And oh, the lovely, greening floor of the wheat country now! Such a soft yellow green glory stretching so far in every direction, growing so much deeper day by day! And the sun and space and clear light on the sky line, and the pillars of smoke miles away, and the wonderful, mysterious Promise that is hanging over this teeming, steaming, shimmering, abundant broad bosom of Earth! It thrills me in a way I can't explain. But night and day, before breakfast and after supper, the talk is of wheat, wheat, wheat, until I nearly go crazy. I complained to Dinky-Dunk that he was dreaming wheat, living wheat, breathing wheat—that he and all the rest of the world seemed mad about wheat.

"And there's just one other thing you must remember, Lady Bird," was his answer. "All the rest of the world is eating wheat. It can't live without wheat. And I'd rather be growing the bread that feeds the hungry than getting rich making siege guns!"

So he's risking everything on this crop of his, and is eternally figuring and planning and getting ready for the *grande débâcle*. He says it will be like a battle. And no general goes into a battle without being prepared for it. But when we read about the doings of the outside world nowadays it seems like reading of happenings that have taken place on the planet Mars. We're our own little world just now, self-contained, rounded out, complete.

Friday, the fourth. Two things of vast importance have happened. Dinky-Dunk has packed up and made off to Edmonton to interview some railway officials, and Percy is back. Dinky-Dunk is so mysteriously silent as to the matter of his trip that I'm afraid he is worried about money matters. And he asked me if I'd mind keeping the household expenses down as low as I could, without actual hardship, for the next few months. As for Percy, he seemed a little constrained, but looked ever so much better. He is quite sunburned, likes California, and says we ought to have a winter bungalow there—and Dinky-Dunk just warning me to save on the pantry pennies! He's brought a fastidious little old Englishwoman back with him as a housekeeper, a Mrs. Watson, and she looks both capable and practical, notwithstanding the fact that she seems to have stepped right out of Dickens, and carries a huge Manx cat about with her! Percy said he thought they'd muddle along in some way. Thoughtful boy that he is, he has brought me a portmanteau packed full of the newer novels and magazines, and a two-pound jar of smoking tobacco for Dinky-Dunk.

Thursday, the tenth. A Belasco couldn't have more carefully stage-managed the first meeting between Percy and Olga. I felt that she was my discovery, and I wanted to spring her on him at the right moment, and in the right way. I wanted to get the Valkyr-on-a-cloud effect, so I kept Percy in the house on the pretext of giving him a cup of tea, until I should hear the rumble of the wagon and know that Olga was swinging home with her team. It so happened, when I heard the first faint far thunder of that homing wagon, that Percy was sitting in my easy chair, with a cup of my thinnest china in one hand and a copy of Pater's Marius the Epicurean in the other. We had been speaking of climate, and he wanted to look up the passage where Pater said "one always dies of the cold"—which I consider a slur on the Northwest!

I couldn't help realizing, as I sat staring at Percy, at the thin, oversensitive face, and the high-arched, overrefined nose, and the narrow, stooping, overdelicate shoulders, what a direct opposite he was to Olga in every way. Instead of thin china and Pater in her hand at that very moment, I remembered, she'd probably have a four-tined fork or a mud-stained fence stretcher. I went to the door and looked out. At the proper moment I called Percy. Olga was standing up in the wagon box, swinging about one corner of the corral. She stood with her shoulders well back, for her weight was already on the lines to pull the team up. Her loose blue skirt edge was fluttering in the wind but at the front was held tight against her legs, like the drapery of the Peace figure in the Sherman statue in the Plaza. Across that Artemislike bosom her thin waist was stretched tight. She had no hat on, and her pale gold hair, which had been braided and twisted up into a heavy crown, had the sheen of metal on it in the late afternoon sun. And in that clear glow of light, which so often plays miragelike tricks with vision, she loomed up like a demi-goddess, or a she-Mercury who should have had little bicycle wheels attached to her heels.

Percy is never demonstrative. But I could see that he was more than impressed. He was amazed.

"My word!" he said very quietly.

"What does she make you think of?" I demanded.

Percy put down his teacup.

"Don't go away," I commanded, "but tell me what she makes you think of."

He still stood staring at her with puckered-up eyes.

"Wagner on wheels," he finally said. "No; not that! A Norse myth in dimity!"

I told him it wasn't dimity, but he was too much interested in Olga to listen to me. "She's like band-music going by!" he solemnly declared.

Half an hour later, when she met him, she was very shy. She turned an adorable pink and then calmly rebuttoned the two top buttons of her waist, which had been hanging loose. And I noticed that Percy did precisely what I saw Dinky-Dunk once doing. He sat staring absently yet studiously at the smooth column of Olga's neck! And I had to speak to him twice before he even woke up to the fact that he was being addressed by his hostess.

Wednesday, the sixteenth. Dinky-Dunk is back, and very busy again. During the day I scarcely get a glimpse of him except at meal time. I have a steadily growing sense of being neglected, but I know how a worried man hates petulance, so I'm trying to consume my own smoke. But the important thing is that Percy is giving Olga lessons in reading and writing. Yesterday I asked her what she thought of him. "Ah lak heem," she calmly admitted in her majestic, monosyllabic way. "He is a fonny leetle man." And the "fonny leetle man," who isn't really little, seems to like Olga, odd as it may sound. They are such opposites, such contradictions! Percy says she's Homeric. He says he never saw eyes that were so limpid, or such pools of peace and calm. He insists on the fact that she's essentially maternal, as maternal as the soil over which she walks, as Percy put it. I told him what Dinky-Dunk had once told me about Olga killing a bull. The bull was a vicious brute that had attacked her father and knocked him down. He was striking at the fallen man with his forepaws when Olga heard the outcry. She promptly went for that bull with a pitchfork. And speaking of Homer, it must have been a pretty epical battle, for she killed the bull and left the fork tines eight inches in his body while

she picked up her father and carried him back to the house. And I won't even kill my own hens, but have always appointed Olie as the executioner.

It is funny to see Percy teaching Olga. She watches him as though he were a miracle man. Her dewy red lips form the words slowly and the full round throat utters them largely, laboriously, instruments on them, and in some perhaps uncouth way makes them lovely. I sit with my sewing, listening. Sometimes I open the piano and play. But I feel out of it. I seem to be on the fringe of things that are momentous only to other people. Last night when Percy said he thought he'd sell his ranch, Dinky-Dunk looked up from his paper-littered desk and told him to hang on to that land like a leech. But he didn't explain why.

Thursday, the nth I can't even remember the date But I know that midsummer is here, that the men folks are so busy I have to shift for myself, and that the talk is still of wheat, and how it's heading, and how the dry weather of the last few weeks will affect the length of the straw. Dinky-Dunk is making desperate efforts to get men to cut wild hay. He's bought the hay rights of a large stretch between some sloughs about seven miles east of our place. He says men are scarcer than hen's teeth, but he has the promise of a couple of cutthroats who were thrown off a freight train near Buckhorn. Percy volunteered to help and was convinced of the fact that he could drive a mower. Olie, who nurses a vast contempt for Percy, and, I secretly believe, rather resents his attentions to Olga, put the new team of colts on the mower. They promptly ran away with Percy, who came within an ace of being thrown in front of the mower knife, which would have chopped him up into very unscholarly mincemeat. Olga got on a horse, bareback, and rounded up the colts. Then she cooed about poor bruised Percy and tried to coax him to come to the house. But Percy said he was going to drive that team, even if he had to be strapped to the mower seat. And, oddly enough, he did "gat them beat," as Olga expressed it, but it tired him out and wilted his collar, and the sweat was running down his face when he came in at noon. Olga is very proud of him. But she announced that she'd drive that mower herself, and sailed into Olie for giving a tenderfoot a team like that to drive. It was her first outburst. I couldn't understand a word she said, but I know that she was magnificent. She looked like a statue of Justice that had suddenly jumped off its pedestal and was doing its best to put a Daniel Webster out of business!

Friday, the twenty-ninth. The weather is still very dry. But Dinky-Dunk feels sure it will not affect his crop. He says the filaments of a wheat plant will go almost two feet deep in search of moisture. Yesterday Percy appeared in a flannel shirt and without his glasses. I think he is secretly practicing calisthenics He said he was going to cut out his afternoon tea, because it doesn't seem to fit in with prairie life. I fancy I see the barbarizing influences of Olga at work on Percival Benson Woodhouse. Dinky-Dunk, I find, has hidden my saddle.

Monday, the first. I have married a man! My Dinky-Dunk is not a softy. I had that proved to me yesterday, when I put Paddy in the buckboard and drove out to where the men were working in the hay. I was taking their dinner out to them, neatly packed in the chuck box. One of the new men who'd been hired for the rush had been overworking his team. The brute had been prodding them with a pitchfork instead of using a whip. Dinky-Dunk saw the marks and noticed one of the horses bleeding. But he didn't interfere until he caught the man in the act of jabbing the tines into Maid Marian's flank. Then he jumped for him, just as I drove up. He cursed that man, cursed and damned him most dreadfully and pulled him down off the hayrack. Then they fought. They fought like two wildcats. Dinky-Dunk's nose bled and his lip was cut. But he knocked the other man flat and when he tried to get up he knocked him down again. It seemed cruel; it was revolting. But something in me rejoiced and exulted as I saw that hulk of an animal thresh and stagger about the hay stubble. I tried to wipe the blood away from Dinky-Dunk's nose. But he pushed me back and said this was no place for a woman. But Dinky-Dunk can fight if he has to. He's a magerful a man! He's afraid of nothing.

But that was nearly a costly victory. Both the new men, of course, threw up their jobs then and there. Dinky-Dunk paid them off on the spot, and they started off across the open prairie without even waiting for their meal. Dinky-Dunk, as we sat down on the dry grass and ate together, said it was a good riddance, and he was just saying I could only kiss the left-hand side of his mouth for the next week when he suddenly dropped his piece of custard pie, stood up, and stared toward the east. I did the same, wondering what had happened. I could see a long thin slanting column of smoke driving across the hot noonday air. Then my heart stopped beating. *It was the prairie on fire.* I had heard a great deal about fireguards and fireguarding, three furrows about crops, and ten about buildings; and I knew that Olie hadn't yet finished turning all those essential furrows. And if that column of smoke, which was swinging up through the silvery haze where the indigo vault of heaven melted into the dusty whiteness of the parched grass lands, had come from the mouth of a siege gun which was cannonading us where we stood, it couldn't have more completely chilled my blood. For I knew that east wind would carry the line of fire crackling across the prairie floor to Dinky-Dunk's wheat, to the stables and outbuildings, to Casa Grande itself; and all our scheming and planning and toiling and moiling would go up in one yellow puff of smoke. And once under way, nothing could stop that widening river of flame.

It was Dinky-Dunk who jumped to life as though he had indeed been cannonaded. In one bound he was at the buckboard, snatching out the horse blanket that lay folded up under the seat. Then he unsnapped the reins from Paddy's bridle, snapping them on the blanket, one to the buckle and the other to the strap end. In another minute he had the hobble off Paddy and had swung me up on that astonished pinto's back. The next minute he himself was on Maid Marian, poking one end of the long rein into my hand and telling me to keep up with him. We rode like mad. I scarcely understood what it meant at the time, but I at least kept up with him. We went floundering through one end of a slough until the blanket was wet and heavy and I could hardly hold it. But I hung on for dear life. Then we swung off across the dry grass toward that advancing semicircle of fire, as far apart as the taut reins would let us ride. Dinky-Dunk took the windward side. Then on we rushed, along that wavering frontier of flame, neck to neck, dragging the wet blanket along its orange-tinted crest, flattening it down, and wiping it out as we went. We made the full circle, panting, saw where the flames had broken out again, and swung back with our dragging blanket. But when one side was conquered another side would revive, and off we'd have to go again, until my arm felt as though it were going to be pulled out of its socket. But we won that fight in the end. I slipped down off Paddy's back and lay full length on the sod, weak, shaking, wondering why the solid ground was rocking slowly from side to side like a boat. But Dinky-Dunk didn't even observe me. On foot he was fighting out the last patch of fire. When he came over to where I was waiting for him he was as sooty and black as a boiler maker. He dropped down beside me, breathing hard. We stayed there holding each other's hand for several minutes in utter silence. Then he said rather thickly: "Are you all right?" And I told him that of course I was all right. Then he said, without looking at me, "I forgot!" Then he got Paddy and patched up the harness and took me home in the buckboard. But all the rest of the day he hung about the shack as solemn as an owl. And once in the night he got up and lit the lamp and came over and studied my face. I blinked up at him sleepily, for I was dog tired and had been dreaming that we were at the Bal des Quatz Arts and were about to finish up with an early breakfast at the Madrid. He looked so funny with his rumpled-up hair and his faded pyjamas that I couldn't help laughing a little as he blew out the light and got back into bed. "Dinky-Dunk," I said, as I turned over my pillow and got comfy again, "wouldn't it have been hell if all our wheat had burned up?" I forget what Duncan said, for in two minutes I was asleep again.

I'm Anxious to See What Percival Benson Thinks of Olga When He Gets Back

Monday, the eighth. The dry spell has been broken and broken with a vengeance. One gets pretty well used to high winds in the West. There used to be days at a time when that unending high wind would make me think that something was going to happen, filling me with a vague sense of impending calamity and making me imagine a big storm was going to blow up and wipe Casa Grande and its little coterie off the map. But we've had a real windstorm this time, with rain and hail. Dinky-Dunk's wheat looks sadly draggled out and beaten down, but he says there wasn't enough hail to hurt anything, that the straw will straighten up again, and that this downpour was just what he wanted. Early in the afternoon, on looking out the shack door, I saw a tangle of clouds on the sky line. They seemed twisted up like a skein of wool a kitten had been playing with. Then they seemed to marshal themselves into one solid line and sweep up over the sky, getting blacker and blacker as they came. Olga came in with her yellow hair flying, slamming and bolting stable doors, locking the chicken coop, and calling out for me to get my clothes off the line or they'd be blown to pieces. Even then I could feel the wind. It flattened my skirt against my body, and I had to lean forward to make any advance against it.

By this time the black army of the heavens had rolled up overhead and a few big froglike drops of rain began to fall, throwing up little clouds of dust as a rifle bullet might. I trundled out a couple of tubs in the hope of catching a little soft water. It wasn't until later that I realized

(Continued on Page 29)

A QUESTION OF CHARACTER

Saturday Night, Furbush Judged, Should Bring It Almost to the Alley

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

FOR example," said Judge Croomb to the distinguished English jurist, "we are about to send a low rogue named Elmer Furbush to the penitentiary. The blackleg has just stolen a street railroad."

"My word!" murmured the distinguished English jurist.

With judicial deliberation Judge Croomb drank the wine left in his glass and softly smacked his lips over it; then he wagged his large head sagely.

"The whole trouble," he said, "is that fellows of low character are permitted to have a hand in the management of large corporate affairs in which hundreds and thousands of honest people have invested capital. I contend that only our best people should be allowed to manage such affairs. This wretch, Furbush, as I mentioned, has stolen a street railroad and is in possession of it. We propose to get him out by sending him to jail."

Whether Judge Croomb had ever been a judge was a disputed but entirely immaterial point. He looked the part perfectly, being tall and portly, with a face that reminded one of Daniel Webster. True, he was almost entirely bald; but he had the Websterian brow and deep-set eyes, and his appearance, like Daniel's, suggested that hay scales would be needed to weigh his lightest thought. Besides, he possessed a rent roll from down-town real estate that in any country would have given him a prescriptive right to take any title he fancied. No one would have dreamed of giving a distinguished dinner to an eminent English jurist without inviting Judge Croomb; and as soon as the ladies withdrew the jurist naturally gravitated to him.

"But how—er—can one steal a street railroad?" the jurist inquired.

"To understand the situation," Judge Croomb replied gravely, "you must begin with the Unified Traction Company, which is our most important tramway system, as you would call it. The Unified Traction Company is managed exclusively by our best people, as all large enterprises should be. Mr. Childers, our host this evening, is a director and large stockholder. Mr. Runion, across the table there—one of the wealthiest citizens of the United States—is a director and large stockholder. Mr. Temple, who entertained the Duke and Duchess of Brokeville when they visited Chicago at the time of the World's Fair in 1893, is a director and large stockholder. I myself am chairman of the board and the largest stockholder. Being in such hands the company's record has been spotless. No breath of scandal has ever attacked it."

"And I've been told," smiled the jurist, "that in the United States scandal and corporation are synonymous!"

"I refer," said the judge solemnly, "to scandal affecting the higher realm of management—in other words, to scandal of a financial nature. With our low politics and yellow journals, some disagreeable incidents are inevitable; in fact, the company has been charged with bribing aldermen and jurors in damage suits. But in the higher realm of management—in financial affairs—its reputation is without a stain. That is what you would expect of a concern managed by gentlemen of probity. The whole trouble, as I said before, is that fellows of low character are permitted because of their wealth or astuteness to manage great concerns; and from low men what can you expect but low financial morality?"

"Very true," said the jurist.

Judge Croomb puffed at his cigar with gingerly deliberation; then laid it aside and put his right hand on the table, palm down, with thumb and fingers spread apart.

"My arm and wrist," he explained, "represent the trunk lines of the Unified Traction Company. My thumb, forefinger and middle finger represent lines of the Suburban Trolley Company, a small but hitherto most respectable concern. We have a traffic arrangement with it, exchanging passengers back and forth; and in a general way, I may say, we have taken a sort of fatherly interest in it. It is a good little property and was slowly working round to a point where it might pay a dividend. It was managed by persons who, though of no great consequence financially or socially, were most respectable—most respectable.

"My third finger," the judge continued, "represents a very poor line, running off across an unsettled prairie to nowhere in particular. It was built in the flimsiest manner in the boom preceding the World's Fair, and is now falling to pieces. My little finger represents a mere streak of rust about two miles long. It was built for the purpose of experimenting with a compressed-air motor, which proved a failure. It has never done any business, and probably never will."

Here the judge disrupted the entire traction system by lifting his right hand to the tray a servant held before him and selecting a cordial from it. Having swallowed the cordial and softly smacked his lips, he resumed:

"Some time ago this wretch, Furbush, bought up the third-finger line for a mere song. He then proceeded to shovel out—as I may term it—debentures. On various flimsy and outrageous pretexts he caused this poor line to issue three hundred and fifty thousand dollars of debentures, which immediately found their way into his own pocket. Of course they were almost worthless; but he succeeded in disposing of some of them, hawking them about for any price he could get. By an arrangement with some cheap brokers he got up fictitious trades in them and advertised them in various ways. Then the blackleg began to annoy the Suburban Trolley Company. As you are unacquainted with local conditions it would take me all night to explain what he did first and last. He had relations with some scoundrelly politicians and set them on to harass and threaten the company.

"In a general way I may say that these annoyances were incessant and of the most devilish character. Of course they had a very adverse effect on the stock and credit of the Suburban Trolley Company. Finally his scoundrelly politicians got up a scheme to take away the company's franchise. The upshot was that the Suburban Trolley Company at length agreed—in order to rid itself of his infamous blackmailing attacks—to buy the third-finger line, giving Furbush a mere nominal sum and guaranteeing payment of the outstanding debentures."

The judge paused to relight his cigar and puffed gingerly on it; then he ominously protruded his lower lip.

"I may say that, while Furbush's devilish machinations were going on, the harassed directors of the Suburban Trolley Company frequently sought our advice; and we finally counseled them that the best thing to do was to give the wretch his blood money and be rid of him. So the Suburban Trolley Company, in the end, took over the third-finger line, paying Furbush a mere nominal sum for its capital stock and assuming payment of its outstanding debentures. And directly afterward it made a most amazing discovery—a discovery that was simply astounding!"

The judge put his hand on top of his shiny cranium, as though the shock of the discovery still reverberated there.

"When the bargain with the Suburban Trolley Company was finally struck, but before it had been reduced to legal and binding form, and before the Suburban Trolley had taken possession of the third-finger line, this robber, Furbush, went over and bought the utterly worthless little-finger line for a mere song. He then caused the third-finger line, which was still absolutely in his control, to purchase the little-finger line from him at the monstrous price of four hundred thousand dollars, in debentures exactly like those the third-finger line had previously issued."

"My word!" murmured the jurist.

"You may well say so," replied the judge darkly. "As I have explained, the fact that the Suburban Trolley was

"Get Into Some Clothes! I Want You to Go With Me"

about to buy the third-finger line and guarantee its debentures became known in certain financial circles, more particularly among our own people—by which term, of course, I mean Unified Traction gentlemen. The guaranty of the Suburban Trolley Company would make those debentures good. Naturally, therefore, gentlemen who knew what was going on were willing to buy the debentures at almost any price below par, no one dreaming that more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of them were outstanding.

"By getting understrappers in line and having them act simultaneously, this low blackguard, Furbush, was able to unload the whole four hundred thousand dollars of new debentures, which he had received for the worthless little-finger line, as well as those he had retained out of the former issues. Mr. Childers himself bought eighty-five thousand dollars of them at eighty-seven cents on the dollar. I bought seventy thousand dollars of them at the same figure. The Freshwater Trust Company, in which Mr. Childers, Mr. Temple, Mr. Runion and myself are large stockholders, bought ninety thousand dollars at eighty-five cents on the dollar. The unconscionable dog finally unloaded the whole lot."

"Amazing!" gasped the jurist.

"It created a most trying situation," said the judge. "The Suburban Trolley Company's agreement bound it to assume payment of the outstanding debentures. This new four hundred thousand dollars' worth was actually outstanding at the time, though nobody but Furbush and his understrappers knew it. Holders of the debentures felt obliged to take the position that the Suburban Trolley was legally and morally bound to assume payment of these new debentures, according to its contract; and to the honor of the directors be it said," the judge added impressively, protruding his lower lip, "they did assume payment of all the outstanding debentures."

"I see," murmured the jurist.

Judge Croomb nodded.

"That, of course, put an excessively heavy burden on the Suburban Trolley. Its stock sank to a very low figure; and, to cap the climax of infamy, this hyena, Furbush, with the money he got by robbing the company, sneaked round and bought up a majority of its capital stock at practically his own price—so that he is now in complete possession of the company."

"Astounding!" exclaimed the jurist.

"In complete possession!" Judge Croomb repeated, darkly wagging his head. "And to get him out of possession we shall put him in the penitentiary."

"You ought to!" the jurist assented heartily.

"Yet it is only, as I may say, through an inadvertence that we are able to do so," the judge observed. "In most of the moves I have described the cunning scoundrel observed the due legal formalities—had his dummy directors pass proper resolutions, and all that. If he had been equally careful all the way through it is doubtful whether we could prosecute him successfully; but when we—or our friends of the Suburban Trolley—took possession of the third-finger line's books, and had them carefully checked over, we discovered that in at least two instances the rogue issued debentures to himself without any authorization at all. No doubt his dummies would have given the authorization if he had told them to do so; but he neglected that little formality, which lays him wide open to a charge of embezzlement. We have the books in our possession, so our proof is ironclad. We shall prosecute him and put him in jail."

"I should hope so!" said the jurist. "On my return from the Pacific Coast I trust I shall find the tramway situation securely in the hands of the best people."

Judge Croomb again put a hand on the top of his shiny head and replied rather dubiously:

"I hope so; but unfortunately there is more in the traction situation than this cheap adventurer, Furbush." He laid his right hand on the table, indicating his arm and wrist with his left forefinger. "That is our territory. We have developed it, and in decency and good conscience it belongs to us. Some reckless interlopers, however, are building an elevated railroad down through it; in fact, the road is nearly completed now. It will rob us of some of our business; and it is a much more difficult problem for us than this rogue, Furbush, because these elevated-road interlopers have been able to raise a large amount of money."

"At any rate, the rascal will be out of the way," said the jurist encouragingly.

"The rascal," said Judge Croomb, ominously protruding his lower lip, "will be in Joliet."

That same evening Isidore Rose inquired casually of Elmer Furbush:

"Have you ever been through the penitentiary at Joliet?" And as Furbush only glowered at him the lawyer added with the same casual air: "It's as dull a place to spend two or three years in as you could imagine."

They were in Furbush's lavishly furnished bachelor apartment on Michigan Boulevard. His understrappers—Nicholas Lowden and Ulysses Pettingill—were present, exceedingly downcast and nervous.

Unable to contain himself longer, Ulysses burst forth:

"Why, my goodness, Furby, you don't want to go to the penitentiary, do you? You're not crazy enough to let 'em stick you in jail? Rose tells you they've got a clear case against you. Those two batches of debentures were issued without any authorization. They've got the company's books and can prove it. Rose tells you they'll convict you. My goodness! The only sane thing is to compromise with 'em! Find out what they want and give it to 'em. Then you can get back at 'em some other time."

Ulysses' round face was horror-stricken and his manner suggested a fond parent—apprehensive fairly to the verge of tears—who pleads with a willful child not to put its hand in the fire.

Furbush glowered at him sullenly. His long legs were crossed, his arms folded, and his curled-up chin, with a cleft in the middle, rested on his breastbone.

"Yah!" he growled. "Go up to old Judge Croomb, with my hat in my hand and my tail between my legs, and ask him what he'll take to let me off! Look at that Unified Traction bunch—a lot of moldy cabbages over in a dark corner of the cellar! Some backwater landed the tadpoles here along in the fifties and they settled on the best things in sight, and have stuck here ever since. A city grew up under their feet and made 'em rich; so now they sit at the front of the platform and wag their leather heads as though they'd had something to do with it."

"All of which," said Isidore Rose with a smile, "doesn't affect the testimony they can produce in an embezzlement charge."

The lawyer was a soft-looking little man, with a small round face, which was quite cherubic in spite of the little curly mustache. His silly hair curled too, and the bald patch above his forehead rather added to the general innocence of his appearance; but when he came into a lawsuit experienced attorneys on the other side shuddered.

"I don't know what they've ever done to you, Furby," Nicholas Lowden suggested propitiatingly.

Furbush lowered at him and drew the back of his hand across his mouth, as though to wipe off a spume of rage.

"Those frogs blackballed me at the Mayflower Club," he growled. "They say when I was up for membership so many members wanted to blackball me that the steward had to send out and buy a case of blueberries. I suppose some newspaper reporter made the joke for 'em, and they've been gibbering over it ever since. You lobsters," he added, surveying Nicholas and Ulysses, "don't know what it is to have guts!"

Nicholas Lowden looked modestly at the floor and nervously stroked his yellow side whiskers. Ulysses Pettingill folded his fat hands, turned his large solemn eyes toward the ceiling, and pursed his mouth. They rather supposed that Furbush, being entirely in the wrong and in a sullen rage over it, would ease his mind by abusing them.

"They don't dare to indict me!" Furbush exclaimed somberly a moment later. "They don't dare! They're afraid of me! They'll bluff and swagger and wait for me to come round, hat in hand; but they're afraid to prosecute me. They can go to the devil! I won't compromise. I'll fight!"

Isidore Rose gave a patient little sigh, as though resigning himself to wait until the sullen fit had passed. After a full minute of silence he inquired suavely:

"What's your plan, then? How do you propose to fight?"

Reluctantly but mulishly Furbush answered:

"I don't know."

The lawyer consulted his watch and rose with a sarcastic little smile.

"The grand jury convenes a week from tomorrow," he observed casually. "I'm told they will move for an indictment at once. Very dull down at Joliet." Then, without troubling himself to say good-night, he walked out.

More apprehensive and unhappy than ever, Nicholas Lowden silently twisted a side whisker and Ulysses Pettingill, with fishy eyes, pursed his mouth. In spite of the modesty of their demeanor, Furbush felt the unuttered reproaches in their minds, and that further irritated him. Frowning at them he said:

"You crawfish may as well get out too."

In silent dejection they obeyed the suggestion, leaving him alone with his long legs crossed, his arms folded and his cleft chin on his breast. He knew well enough he was indulging in a debauch of temper. He was even aware that it was childish to let his rage and contempt for the Unified Traction gentlemen drag him into the absurd position of facing a term in the penitentiary; but his will was not much more tractable than a bulldog. Having set its teeth, nothing less than a crowbar could make it let go.

Rose, Lowden and Pettingill, with their implication that he had made a stupid blunder and their advice that he go, hat in hand, to men he hated, had irritated him. Now that they were gone the blind rage subsided. He could think more clearly.

In his heart he did not doubt that Rose had accurately diagnosed the strength of the case against him; but he wasted no energy in regrets over his careless folly in neglecting to have the debenture issues duly authorized. There was no undoing that now. Nor did he doubt Rose's statement that it was very dull at Joliet. Presently it rose in his calmer mind—high stone walls all round, no doubt; a dark little cell to sleep in; days spent in making shoes or scrubbing floors!

Probably it would have been better if he had not been so hot and scornful; but he had been hot and scornful, and he was not going to recant—if he could help it. There must be some way out. There always was some way out. If he could get a hook into Unified Traction, of course he could make them let him alone; but how could he get a hook into Unified Traction with its bursting treasury, its impregnable credit, its legal and political position buttressed all round? With his chin on his breast he thought

"Yah! Go Up to Old Judge Croomb, With My Hat in My Hand and My Tail Between My Legs, and Ask Him What He'll Take to Let Me Off!"

it over—thought all about it, his mind running up and down the situation as though along a stone wall seeking a crack, a loose stone or an insecure bit of foundation.

Presently he noticed by the little gold-plated clock on his desk that it was a quarter past twelve. He had been at it two hours and had not found a crack. He gave his head an impatient little shake against a certain lagging in his mind, as though the machinery there were running down, folded his arms tighter, and set himself doggedly at it again.

At one o'clock his mind began to wander in spite of himself. There was no longer any edge to his thought. Inconsequential things drifted across his mental vision. He rubbed his brows impatiently; got up and paced the floor a few minutes; then returned doggedly to the chair by the desk—but no feasible scheme of attack would come to him and there was no use in trying to think any longer. His brain refused to be driven farther. He turned dully to the desk, his mind a tired blank; and after a few minutes, in aimless fashion, he picked up an evening newspaper he had dropped there. The refusal of his wits to hunt any more along the stone wall depressed him. Perhaps there was nothing to be thought of—no crack in the wall anywhere.

Well, he could crawfish—go, hat in hand, and ask them what they would take to let him off. He was considering that stupidly and pointlessly, and from time to time glancing dully at the newspaper. He happened to notice the little clock on the desk and was shocked to find it was five minutes to two. The night was passing and he was getting nowhere. Probably he might as well go to bed. Yet he could not quite do that could not quite give up; the jaws of his will were still locked, and he sat on, lumpish and vacant, staring at the newspaper and idly turning its pages.

He had reached the financial page by then; and he noticed the big, three-column advertisement of an issue of elevated-railroad bonds. Public subscriptions to the bonds were invited, beginning the following Monday, the books to remain open three days.

His eye ran aimlessly over the announcement. It said that the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the heirs of Philetus Jones had removed the last obstacle to the completion of the elevated structure, and the road would be in operation within thirty days. He remembered that, more than two years before, he had looked into the Philetus Jones case, with an idea that something profitable might be discovered therein.

In an early day Philetus Jones had owned a block of land between what are now Webster Street and Calhoun Avenue. This land lay in the path of the elevated railroad. The road had started condemnation proceedings to get the right of way across it; but presently complications about the title developed. Some inconvenient and unexpected putative heirs of Philetus Jones by a doubtful marriage had bobbed up. The courts had ground at the case for three years, and only the other day final judgment had been rendered by the Supreme Court. Meantime, the elevated railroad had completed its structure on both sides of the disputed tract, and as soon as the last judgment was pronounced it sent in a big gang of workmen to bridge the gap. It had once occurred to Furbush that he might get a finger in the Jones case and make the elevated road pay him handsomely to take the finger out; but Isidore Rose had assured him there was no hope of that, whereupon his interest in the case had ceased.

Of course the financing of the elevated railroad had been held up by the Jones case. It had got on, from hand to mouth, by temporary borrowings, and was only just now in a position to float a big bond issue. Furbush's hand moved to toss the newspaper into the wastebasket; and then, out of nowhere, an idea leaped into his mind. For a good fifteen minutes he sat motionless, the crumpled paper in his hand, staring at the desk. He rose abruptly then and began pacing the floor with a rapt expression.

A little later he was back at the desk, absorbed and impatient, taking down the telephone receiver. He knew Rose's house number well enough, and when he had given it to the exchange operator he added:

"Keep right on ringing until somebody answers!"

For ten minutes he sat back in the chair, with the receiver at his ear, listening to the steady purr of the bell at the other end of the wire. Then an aggrieved voice called:

"Hello!"

"This is Mr. Furbush—Elmer Furbush," he said. "You wake Mr. Rose up and tell him I'll be there to get him as soon as a taxi can take me. It's important, you understand! Wake him up at once and tell him I'll be there for him in a few minutes." He then telephoned to Ulysses Pettingill and for a cab.

It was a crisp, still, early October night. Up and down the long reach of Michigan Boulevard a few taxis and private cars flitted; but the broad flagging was empty as far as the eye could reach. Stepping across the sidewalk Furbush looked at his watch by the white light of an electric street lamp and saw that it was ten minutes to three. As he put the watch back into his pocket his taxi wheeled round the corner.

Alighting in front of Rose's narrow three-story house on the North Side, he saw a light in the second-story front windows, where the library was. A collarless manservant, with uncombed hair and wearing a faded jacket, opened the door in answer to his ring. The old chap's tousled appearance and reproachful glance tickled Furbush so that he chuckled to himself on the way upstairs. In the library Rose was yawning in a dressing gown; and at that Furbush frowned.

"The devil! Get into some clothes!" he exclaimed. "I want you to go with me."

When the servant had given him the message Rose's thought had been that Furbush had seen the necessity of

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RUGGLES OF RED GAP

XIII

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

HAVING written and posted my letter to the Honorable George the following morning, I summoned Mr. Belknap-Jackson, conceiving it my first duty to notify him and Mrs. Effie of my trade intentions. I also requested Cousin Egbert to be present since he was my business sponsor.

All being gathered at the Floud house, including Mrs. Belknap-Jackson, I told them straight that I had resolved to abandon my social career—brilliant though it had been—and to enter trade quite as one of their middle-class Americans. They all gasped a bit at my first words, as I had quite expected them to do; but what was my surprise, when I went on to announce the nature of my enterprise, to find them not a little intrigued by it and to discover that in their view I should not in the least be lowering myself.

"Capital! Capital!" exclaimed Belknap-Jackson, and the ladies emitted little exclamations of similar import.

"At last," said Mrs. Belknap-Jackson, "we shall have a place with tone to it. The hall above will be splendid for our dinner dances, and now we can have smart luncheons and afternoon teas."

"And a red-coated orchestra and after-theater suppers," said Mrs. Effie.

"Only," put in Belknap-Jackson thoughtfully, "he will of course be compelled to use discretion about his patrons. The rabble, of course ——" He broke off with a wave of his hand which, although not pointedly, seemed to indicate Cousin Egbert, who once more wore the hunted look about his eyes and who sat by uneasily. I saw him wince.

"Some people's money is just as good as other people's if you come right down to it," he muttered, "and Bill is out for the coin. Besides, we all got to eat, ain't we?"

Belknap-Jackson smiled deprecatingly and again waved his hand as if there were no need for words.

"That rowdy Bohemian set ——" began Mrs. Effie. But I made bold to interrupt. There might, I said, be awkward moments, but I had no doubt that I should be able to meet them with a flawless tact. Meantime, for the ultimate confusion of the Bohemian set of Red Gap, I had to announce that the Honorable George Augustus Vane-Basingwell would presently be with us. With him as a member of the North Side set, I pointed out, it was not possible to believe that any desirable members of the Bohemian set would longer refuse to affiliate with the smartest people.

My announcement made quite all the sensation I had anticipated. Belknap-Jackson, indeed, arose quickly and grasped me by the hand, echoing, "The Honorable George Augustus Vane-Basingwell, brother of the Earl of Brinstead," with little shivers of ecstasy in his voice, while the ladies pealed their excitement incoherently, with "Really, really!" and "Actually coming to Red Gap—the brother of a lord!"

My Patrons Arrived in Groups, Couples or Singly, Almost Faster Than I Could Seat Them

Then almost at once I detected curiously cold glances being darted at each other by the ladies.

"Of course we will be only too glad to put him up," said Mrs. Belknap-Jackson quickly.

"But, my dear, he will of course come to us first," put in Mrs. Effie. "Afterward to be sure ——"

"It's so important that he should receive a favorable impression," responded Mrs. Belknap-Jackson.

"That's exactly why ——" Mrs. Effie came back with not a little obvious warmth.

Belknap-Jackson here caught my eye. "I dare say Ruggles and I can be depended upon to decide a minor matter like that," he said.

The ladies both broke in at this, rather sputteringly, but Cousin Egbert silenced them.

"Shake dice for him," he said—"poker dice, three throws, aces low."

"How shockingly vulgar!" hissed Mrs. Belknap-Jackson.

"Even if there were no other reason for his coming to us," remarked her husband coldly, "there are certain unfortunate associations which ought to make his entertainment here quite impossible."

"If you're calling me 'unfortunate associations,'" remarked Cousin Egbert, "you want to get it out of your head right off. I don't mind telling you the judge and I get along fine together. I told him when I was in Paris and Europe to look me up the first thing if ever he come here, and he said he sure would. The judge is some mixer, believe me!"

"The judge!" echoed the Belknap-Jacksons in deep disgust.

"You come right down to it, I bet a cookie he stays just where I tell him to stay," insisted Cousin Egbert. The evident conviction of his tones alarmed his hearers, who regarded one another with pained speculation.

"Right where I tell him to stay," insisted Cousin Egbert, sensing the impression he had made.

"But this is too monstrous," said Mr. Jackson, regarding me imploringly.

"The Honorable George," I admitted, "has been known to do unexpected things, and there have been times when he was not so sensitive as I could wish to the demands of his caste ——"

"Bill is stalling. He knows darned well the judge is a mixer," broke in Cousin Egbert, somewhat to my embarrassment. Nor did any reply occur to me. There was a moment's awkward silence, during which I became sensitive to a radical change in the attitude which these people bore to Cousin Egbert. They shot him looks of furtive but unmistakable respect, and Mrs. Effie remarked almost with tenderness: "We must admit that Cousin Egbert has a certain way with him."

"I dare say Floud and I can adjust the matter satisfactorily to all," remarked Belknap-Jackson. And with a jaunty affectation of good-fellowship he opened his cigarette case to Cousin Egbert.

"I ain't made up my mind yet where I'll have him stay," announced the latter, too evidently feeling his newly-acquired importance. "I may have him stay one place; then again I may have him stay another. I can't decide things like that offhand."

And here the matter was preposterously left, the three aspirants for this social honor patently bending their knees to the erstwhile despised Cousin Egbert, and the latter being visibly puffed up. By rather awkward stages they came again to a discussion of the United States Grill.

"The name, of course, might be thought flamboyant," suggested Belknap-Jackson delicately.

"But I have determined," I said, "no longer to resist America, and so I can think of no name more fitting."

"Your determination," he answered, "bears rather sinister implications. One may be vanquished by America, as I have been. One may even submit; but surely one may always resist a little, may not one? One need not abjectly surrender one's finest convictions, need one?"

"Oh, shucks!" put in Cousin Egbert petulantly, "what's the use of all that one stuff? Bill wants a good American name for his place. Me? I first thought the Bon Ton Eating House would be kind of a nice name for it, but as soon as he said the United States Grill I knew it was a better one. It sounds kind of grand and important."

Belknap-Jackson here made deprecating clucks, but not too directly toward Cousin Egbert, and my choice of a name was not further criticized. I went on to assure them that I should have an establishment quietly smart rather than noisily elegant and that I made no doubt the place would give a new tone to Red Gap; whereat they all expressed themselves as immensely pleased, and our little conference came to an end.

In company with Cousin Egbert I now went to examine the premises I was to take over. There was a spacious corner room, lighted from the front and side, which would adapt itself well to the decorative scheme I had in mind. The kitchen with its ranges I found would be almost quite suitable for my purpose, requiring but little alteration; but the large room was, of course, atrociously impossible in the American fashion, with unsightly walls, the floors covered with American cloth of a garish pattern, and the small oblong tables and flimsy chairs vastly uninviting.

As to the gross ideals of the former tenant, I need say only that he had made, as I now learned, a window display of foods, quite after the manner of a draper's window—molds of custard set in a row, flanked on either side by pies, as the natives call their tarts, with perhaps a roast fowl or ham in the center. Artistic vulgarity could, of course, go little beyond this, but almost as offensive were the abundant wall placards pathetically remaining in place.

"Coffee Like Mother Used to Make," read one. Impertinently intimate this, professing a familiarity with one's people that would never do with us. "Try Our Boston Baked Beans," pleaded another quite abjectly. And several others indelicately stated the prices at which different dishes might be had: "Irish Stew, 25 cts.," "Philadelphia Capon, 35 cts.," "Fried Chicken Maryland, 50 cts.," "New York Fancy Broil, 40 cts." Indeed the poor chap seemed to have been possessed by a geographical mania, finding it difficult to submit the simplest viands without crediting them to distant towns or provinces.

Upon Cousin Egbert's remarking that these bedizened placards would come in handy, I took pains to explain to him just how different the United States Grill would be. The walls would be done in deep red, the floor would be covered with a heavy Turkey carpet of the same tone, the present crude electric lighting fixtures must be replaced with indirect lighting from the ceiling and with electric candlesticks for the tables. The latter would be massive and of stained oak—my general color scheme being red and brown. The chairs would be of the same style, comfortable chairs in which patrons would be tempted to linger. The windows would be heavily draped. In a word the place would have atmosphere; not the loud and blaring elegance that I had observed in the smartest of New York establishments, with shrieking decorations and tables jammed together, but an atmosphere of distinction which, though subtle, would yet impress shop-assistants, plate layers and road menders, bodmen, carters, cattle persons in short the middle-class natives.

Cousin Egbert, I fear, was not properly impressed with my plan—for he looked longingly at the wall placards—yet he made the most loyal pretense to this effect, even when I explained further that I should probably have no printed menu, which I have always regarded as the ultimate vulgarity in a place where there is any proper relation between patrons and steward. He made one wistful timid reference to the "Try Our Merchants' Lunch for 35 cts.," after which he gave in entirely, particularly when I explained that ham and eggs in the best manner would be forthcoming at his order, even though no placard vaunted them or named their price. Advertising one's ability to serve ham and eggs, I pointed out to him, would be quite superfluous—like advertising that one was a member of the Church of England.

The Male Black Nursed an Intention, So He Informed Me, of Putting Snake-Dust in the Boots of His Late Employer

After this he meekly enough accompanied me to his bank, where he placed a thousand pounds to my credit, and added that I could go as much farther as I liked; whereupon I set in motion the machinery for decorating and furnishing the place, with particular attention to silver, linen, china and glassware—all of which, I was resolved, should have an air of its own.

Nor did I neglect to seek out the pair of blacks and enter into an agreement with them to assist in staffing my place. I had feared that the male black might have resolved to return to his adventurous life of outlawry after leaving the employment of Belknap-Jackson, but I found him peacefully inclined and entirely willing to accept service with me, while his wife, upon whom I would depend for much of the actual cooking, was wholly enthusiastic, admiring especially my color scheme of reds. I observed at once that her notion of preparing food was to fry it, but I made no doubt that I would be able to broaden her scope, since there are of course things that one does not fry.

The male black, or raccoon, at first alarmed me not a little by reason of threats he made against Belknap-Jackson on account of having been shopped. He nursed an intention, so he informed me, of putting snake-dust in the boots of his late employer and so bringing evil upon him either by disease or violence, but in this I discouraged him smartly, apprising him the Belknap-Jacksons would doubtless be among our most desirable patrons, whereupon his wife promised for him that he would do nothing of the sort. She was a native of formidable bulk, and her menacing glare at her consort as she made this promise gave me instant confidence in her power to control him.

Later in the day, at the door of the silversmith's, Cousin Egbert hailed the pressman I had met on the evening of my arrival, and insisted that I impart to him the details of my venture. The chap seemed vastly interested, and his sheet the following morning published the following:

THE DELMONICO OF THE WEST

Colonel Marmaduke Ruggles, of London and Paris, for the past two months a social favorite in Red Gap's select North Side set, has decided to cast his lot among us, and will henceforth be reckoned as one of our leading business men. The plan of the colonel is nothing less than to give Red Gap a truly *élite* and *recherché* restaurant after the best models of London and Paris, to which purpose he will devote a considerable portion of his ample means. The establishment will occupy the roomy corner store of the Pettengill block, and orders have already been placed for its decoration and furnishing, which will be sumptuous beyond anything yet seen in our thriving metropolis.

In speaking of his enterprise yesterday the colonel remarked with a sly twinkle in his eye, "Demosthenes was the son of a cutler, Cromwell's father was a brewer, your General Grant was a tanner, and a Mr. Garfield, who held, I gather, an important post in your Government, was once employed on a canal ship, so I trust that in this land of equality it will not be presumptuous on my part to seek to become the managing owner of a restaurant that will be a credit to the fastest-growing town in the state.

"You Americans have," continued the colonel in his dry, inimitable manner, "a bewildering variety of foodstuffs, but I trust I may be forgiven for saying that you have used too little constructive imagination in the cooking of them. In the one matter of ten, for example, I have been obliged to figure in some episodes that were profoundly regrettable. Again, amid the profusion of fresh vegetables and meats you are becoming a nation of tinned-food eaters, or of canned food as you prefer to call it. This I need hardly say adds to your cost of living and also makes you liable to one of the most dreaded of modern diseases, a disease whose rise can be traced to the rise of the tinned-food industry. Your tin-openers saw into the tin, with the result that a fine sawdust of metal must drop into the contents and so enter the human system. The result is perhaps negligible in a large majority of cases, but that it is not universally so is proved by the prevalence of appendicitis. Not orange or grape pips, as was so long believed, but the deadly fine rain of metal shavings, must be held responsible for this scourge. I need hardly say that at the United States Grill no tinned food will be used."

This latest discovery of the colonel's is important if true. Be that as it may, his restaurant will fill a long-felt want, and will doubtless prove to be an important factor in the social gayeties of our smart set. Due notice of its opening will be given in the news and doubtless in the advertising columns of this journal.

Again I was brought to marvel at a peculiarity of the American press, a certain childish eagerness for marvels and grotesque wonders. I had given but passing thought to my remarks about appendicitis and its relation to the American tinned-food habit, nor, on reading the chap's screed, did they impress me as being fraught with vital interest to thinking people; in truth I was more concerned with the comparison of myself to a *restaurateur* of the crude new city of New York, which might belittle rather than distinguish me, I suspected. But what was my astonishment to perceive in the course of a few days that I had created rather a sensation, with attending newspaper publicity which, although bizarre enough, I am bound to say contributed not a little to the consideration in which I afterward came to be held by the more serious-minded persons of Red Gap.

Busied with the multitude of details attending my installation, I was called upon by another press chap, representing a Spokane sheet, who wished me to elaborate my views concerning the most probable cause of appendicitis, which I found myself able to do with some eloquence, reciting among other details that even though the metal dust might be of an almost microscopic fineness, it could still do a mischief to one's appendix. The press chap appeared wholly receptive to my views, and, after securing

details of my plan to smarten Red Gap with a restaurant of real distinction, he asked so civilly for a photographic portrait of myself that I was unable to refuse him. The thing was a snap taken of me one morning at Chaynes-Wotten by Higgins, the butler, as I stood by his lordship's saddle mare. It was not by any means the best likeness I have had, but there was a rather effective bit of background disclosing the driveway and the façade of the East Wing.

This episode I had well-nigh forgotten when on the following Sunday I found the thing emblazoned across a page of the Spokane sheet under a shrieking headline: Can-Opener Blamed for Appendicitis. . A secondary heading ran: Famous British Sportsman and Bon Vivant Advances Novel Theory. Accompanying this was a print of the photograph, entitled Colonel Marmaduke Ruggles With His Favorite Hunter, at His English Country Seat.

Although the article made suitable reference to myself and my enterprise it was devoted chiefly to a discussion of my tin-opening theory and was supplemented by a rather snarky statement signed by a physician, declaring it to be nonsense. I thought the fellow might have chosen his words with more care, but once again dismissed the matter from my mind.

Yet this was not to be the last of it. In due time came a New York sheet with a most extraordinary page. Titled Englishman Learns Cause of Appendicitis, read the heading in large muddy type. Below was the photograph of myself, now entitled Sir Marmaduke Ruggles and His Favorite Hunter. But this was only one of the illustrations. From the upper right-hand corner a gigantic hand wielding a tin-opener rained a voluminous spray of metal presumably upon a cowering wretch in the lower left-hand corner who was quite plainly all in. There were tables of statistics showing the increase, side by side, of appendicitis and of the tinned-food industry, a matter to which I had devoted, said the print, years of research before announcing my discovery.

Followed statements from half a dozen distinguished surgeons, each signed autographically, all but one rather bluntly disagreeing with me, insisting that the tin-opener cuts cleanly and, if not man's best friend, should at least be considered one of the triumphs of civilization. The only exception announced that he was at present conducting laboratory experiments with a view to testing my theory and would disclose his results in due time. Meantime he counseled the public not to be unduly alarmed.

Of the further flood of these screeds, which continued for the better part of a year, I need not speak. They ran the gamut from serious leaders in medical journals to paid ridicule of my theory in advertisements printed by the food-tinning persons, and I have to admit that in the end the public returned to a full confidence in its tinned foods.

But that is beside the point, which was that Red Gap had become intensely interested in the United States Grill, and to this I was not averse, though I would rather I had been regarded as one of their plain common sort, instead of the factitious colonel which Cousin Egbert's well-meaning stupidity had foisted upon the town. The Sir Marmaduke Ruggles and His Favorite Hunter had been especially repugnant to my finer taste, particularly as it was seized upon by the cheap one-and-six fellow, Hobbs, for some of his coarsest humor. He more than once referred to that detestable cur of Mrs. Judson's—which had quickly resumed his allegiance to me—as my hunting pack.

The other tradesmen of the town, I am bound to say, exhibited a friendly interest in my venture, which was always welcome and often helpful. Even one of my competitors showed himself to be a dead sport by coming to me from time to time with hints and advice. He was an entirely worthy person who advertised his restaurant as Bert's Place. "Go to Bert's Place for a Square Meal" was his favored line in the public prints. He also, I regret to say, made a practice of displaying cooked foods in his show window, the window carrying the line in enameled letters, "Tables Reserved for Ladies." Of course between such an establishment and my own there could be little in common, and I was obliged to reject a placard which he offered me, reading "No Checks Cashed; This Means You," although he and Cousin Egbert warmly advised that I display it in a conspicuous place.

"Some of them dead beats in the North Side set will put you sideways if you don't," warned the latter; but I held firmly to the line of quiet refinement which I had laid down, and explained that I could allow no such inconsiderate mention of money to be obtruded upon the notice of my guests. I would devise some subtler protection against the dead beet roots.

At Our Second Interview He Was Removing His Hat and Addressing Me as "Sir"

In the matter of music, however, I was pleased to accept the advice of Cousin Egbert. "Get one of them musical pianos that you put a nickel in," he counseled me; and this I did, together with an assorted repertoire of selections both classical and popular, the latter consisting chiefly of the ragging time songs to which the native Americans perform their quaint folk dances.

And now as the date of my opening drew near I began to suspect that its social values might become a bit complicated. Mrs. Belknap-Jackson, for example, approached me in confidence to know if she might reserve all the tables in my establishment for the opening evening, remarking that it would be as well to put the correct social cachet upon the place at once, which would be achieved by her inviting only the desirable people. Though she was all for settling the matter at once, something prompted me to take it under consideration.

The same evening Mrs. Effie approached me with a similar suggestion, remarking that she would gladly take it upon herself to see that the occasion was unmarred by the presence of those one would not care to meet in one's own home. Again I was noncommittal, somewhat to her annoyance.

The following morning I was sought by Mrs. Judge Ballard with the information that much would depend upon my opening, and if the matter were left entirely in her hands she would be more than glad to insure its success. Of her, also, I begged a day's consideration, suspecting then that I might be compelled to ask these three social leaders to unite amicably as patronesses of an affair that was bound to have a supreme social significance. But as I still meditated profoundly over the complication late that afternoon, overlooking in the meanwhile an electrician who was busy with my shaded candlesticks, I was surprised by the self-possessed entrance of the leader of the Bohemian set, the Klondike person of whom I have spoken. Again I was compelled to observe that she was quite the most smartly gowned woman in Red Gap, and that she marvelously knew what to put on her head.

She coolly surveyed my decorations and such of the furnishings as were in place before addressing me.

"I wish to engage one of your best tables," she began, "for your opening night. This large one in the corner will do nicely. There will be eight of us. Your place really won't be half bad if your food is at all possible."

The creature spoke with a sublime effrontery, quite as if she had not helped a few weeks before to ridicule all that was best in Red Gap society; yet there was that about her which prevented me from rebuking her even by the faintest shade in my manner. More than this, I suddenly saw that the Bohemian set would be a factor in my trade which I could not afford to ignore. While I affected to consider her request she tapped the toe of a small boot with a correctly rolled umbrella, lifting her chin rather attractively meanwhile to survey my freshly done ceiling. I may say here that the effect of her was compelling, and I could well understand the bitterness with which the ladies of the Onwards and Upwards Society had gossiped her to rags. Incidently, this was the first correctly rolled umbrella—saving my own—that I had seen in North America.

"I shall be pleased," I said, "to reserve this table for you. Eight places I believe you said?"

She left me as a duchess might have. She was that sort. I felt almost quite unequal to her. And the die was cast. I faced each of the three ladies who had previously approached me with the declaration that I was a licensed victualler, bound to serve all who might apply; that while I was keenly sensitive to the social aspects of my business it was yet a business and I must, therefore, be in supreme control. In justice to myself I could not exclusively entertain any faction of the North Side set, nor even the set in its entirety. In each instance I added that I could not debar from my tables even such members of the Bohemian set as conducted themselves in a seemly manner. It was a difficult situation, calling out all my tact, yet I faced it with a firmness which was later to react to my advantage in ways I did not yet dream of.

So engrossed for a month had I been with furnishers, decorators, char persons and others that the time of the Honorable George's arrival drew on quite before I realized it. A brief and still snarky note had apprised me of his intention to come out to North America, whereupon I had all but forgotten him, until a telegram from Chicago, or one of those places, had warned me of his imminence. This I displayed to Cousin Egbert, who, much pleased with himself, declared that the Honorable George should be taken to the Floud home directly upon his arrival.

"I meant to rope him in there on the start," he confided to me, "but I let on I wasn't decided yet, just to keep 'em stirred up. Mrs. Effie she butters me up with soft words every day of my life, and that Jackson lad has offered me about ten thousand of them vegetable cigarettes, but I'll have to throw him down. He's a human flivver. Put him in a car of dressed beef and he'd freeze it between here and Spokane. Yes, sir; you could cut his ear off and it wouldn't bleed. I ain't going to run the judge against no such proposition like that."

Of course the poor chap was speaking his own backwoods metaphor, as I am quite sure he would have been incapable of mutilating Belknap-Jackson, or even of imprisoning him in a goods van of beef. I mean to say it was merely his way of speaking and was not to be taken at all literally.

As a result of his ensuing call upon the pressman the sheet of the following morning contained word of the Honorable George's coming, the facts being not garbled more than was usual with this chap:

RED GAP'S NOTABLE GUEST

En route for our thriving metropolis is a personage no less distinguished than the Honorable George Augustus Vane-Basingwell, only brother and next in line of succession to his Lordship, the Earl of Brinstead, the well-known British Peer, of London, England. Our noble visitor will be the house guest of Senator and Mrs. J. K. Floud at their palatial residence on Ophir Avenue, where he will be extensively entertained, particularly by our esteemed fellow-townsman, Egbert K. Floud, with whom he recently hobnobbed during the latter's stay in Paris, France. His advent will doubtless prelude a season of unparalleled gayety, particularly as Mr. Egbert Floud assures us that the judge, as he affectionately calls him, is sure some mixer. If this be true the gentleman has selected a community where his talent will find ample scope, and we bespeak for his lordship a hearty welcome.

XIV

I MUST do Cousin Egbert the justice to say that he showed a due sense of his responsibility in meeting the Honorable George. By general consent the honor had seemed to fall to him, both the Belknap-Jacksons and Mrs. Effie rather timidly conceding his claim that the distinguished guest would prefer it so. Indeed, Cousin Egbert had been rather loudly arrogant in the matter, speaking

largely of his European intimacy with the judge until, as he confided to me, he had them all bisoned, or I believe "buffaloed" is the term he used, referring to the big-game animal that has been swept from the American savannahs.

At all events no one further questioned his right to be at the station when the Honorable George arrived, and for the first time almost since his own home-coming he got himself up with some attention to detail. If left to his own devices I dare say he would have donned frock coat and top hat, but at my suggestion he chose his smartest lounge suit, and I took pains to see that the minor details of hat, boots, hose, gloves, and so forth, were studiously correct without being at all assertive.

For my own part, I was also at some pains with my attire, going consciously a bit farther with details than Cousin Egbert, thinking it best the Honorable George should at once observe a change in my bearing and social consequence, so that nothing in his manner toward me might embarrassingly publish our former relations.

The stick, gloves and monocle would achieve this for the moment, and once alone I meant to tell him straight that all was over between us as master and man, we having passed out of each other's lives in that respect. If necessary I meant to read to him certain passages from the so-called Declaration of Independence and to show him the fateful little card I had found, which would acquaint him, I made no doubt, with the great change that had come upon me, after which our intimacy would rest solely upon the mutual esteem which I knew to exist between us. I mean to say it would never have done for one moment at home, but finding ourselves together in this wild and lawless country we would neither of us try to resist America, but face each other as one equal native to another.

Waiting on the station platform with Cousin Egbert, he confided to the loungers there that he was come to meet his friend, Judge Basingwell, whereat all betrayed a friendly interest, though they were not at all persons that mattered, being of the semileisured class who each day went down, as they put it, "to see Number Six go through." There was rather a tense air of expectancy when the train pulled in. From one of the Pullman night coaches emerged the Honorable George, preceded by a blackamoor, or raccoon, bearing bags and bundles, and followed by another uniformed raccoon and a white guard, also bearing bags and bundles, and all betraying a certain tense anxiety.

One glance at the Honorable George served to confirm certain fears I had suffered regarding his appearance. Topped by a deerstalking fore-and-aft cap in an inferior state of preservation, he wore the jacket of a lounge suit—once possible doubtless, but now demoded—and a blazered golfing waistcoat, striking for its poisonous greens, trousers from an outing suit that I myself had discarded after it came to me, and boots of an entirely shocking character. Of his cravat I have not the heart to speak, but I may mention that all his garments were quite horrid with wrinkles and seemed to have been slept in repeatedly.

Cousin Egbert at once rushed forward to greet his guest while I busied myself in receiving the hand luggage, wishing to have the Honorable George effaced from the scene and secluded with all possible speed. There were three battered hand bags, two rolls of traveling rugs, a stick case, a dispatch case, a pair of binoculars, a hat-box, a topcoat, a storm coat, a portfolio of correspondence materials, a camera, and a medicine case; some of these lacking either strap or handle.

The attendants all emitted hearty sighs of relief when these things had been deposited upon the platform. Without being told I divined that the Honorable George had greatly worried them during the long journey with his fretful demands for service, and I tipped them handsomely while he was still engaged with Cousin Egbert and the latter's station-lounging friends to whom the Honorable George was being presented. At last observing me, he came forward, but halted on surveying the luggage and screamed hoarsely to the last attendant, who was now boarding the train. The latter vanished, but reappeared, as the train moved off, with two more articles, a vacuum night flask and a tin of charcoal biscuits, the absence of which had been swiftly detected by their owner.

It was at that moment that one of the loungers nearby made a peculiar observation.

"Gee!" said he to a native beside him. "It must take an awful lot of trouble to be an Englishman." At the moment this seemed to me to be pregnant with meaning, though doubtless it was because I had so long been a resident of the North American wilds.

Again the Honorable George approached me and grasped my hand before certain details of my attire and I fancy a certain change in my bearing attracted his notice. Perhaps it was the single glass. His grasp of my hand relaxed and he rubbed his eyes as if dazed from a blow, but I was able to carry the situation off quite nicely under cover of the confusion attending his many bags and bundles, being helped also at the moment by the deeply humiliating discovery of a certain omission from his attire. I could not at first believe my eyes and was obliged to look again and again, but there could be no doubt about it: the Honorable George was wearing a single spat!

I cried out at this, pointing I fancy in a most undignified manner, so terrific had been the shock of it; and what was my amazement to hear him say:

"But I had only one, you silly! How could I wear 'em both when the other was lost in that bally rabbit-hutch they put me in on shipboard? No bigger than a parcels lift!"

And he had too plainly crossed North America in this shocking state! Glad I was then that Belknap-Jackson was not present. The others, I dare say, considered it a mere freak of fashion. As quickly as possible I hustled him into the waiting carriage, piling his luggage about him to the best advantage and hurrying Cousin Egbert after him as rapidly as I could, though the latter, as on the occasion of my own arrival, halted our departure long enough to present the Honorable George to the driver:

"Judge, shake hands with my friend, Eddie Pierce." Adding as the ceremony was performed: "Eddie keeps a good team, any time you want a hack ride."

"Sure, judge," remarked the driver cordially. "Just call up Main 224 any time. Any friend of Sour-Dough's can have anything they want night or day." Whereupon he climbed to his box and we at last drove away.

The Honorable George had continued from the moment of our meeting to glance at me in a peculiar sidelong fashion. He seemed fascinated, and yet unequal to a straight look at me. He was undoubtedly dazed, as I could discern from his absent manner of opening the tin of charcoal biscuits and munching one. I mean to say it was too obviously a mere mechanical impulse.

"I say," he remarked to Cousin Egbert, who was beaming fondly at him, "how strange it all is! It's quite foreign."

"The fastest growing little town in the state," said Cousin Egbert.

"But what makes it grow so dashy fast?" demanded the other.

"Enterprises and industries," answered Cousin Egbert loftily.

"Nothing to make a dust about," remarked the Honorable George, staring glassily at the main business thoroughfare. "I've seen larger towns—scores of them."

"You ain't begun to see this town yet," responded Cousin Egbert loyally; and he called to the driver: "Has he, Eddie?"

"Sure, he ain't!" said the driver person genially. "Wait till he sees the new water-works and the sash-and-blind factory!"

"Is he one of your gentleman whips?" demanded the Honorable George. "And why a blind factory?"

"Oh, Eddie's good people all right," answered the other, "and the factory turns out blinds and things."

"Why turn them out?" But he left this and continued: "He's like that American Johnny in London that drives his own coach to Brighton, yes? Ripping idea! Gentleman driver! But I say, you know, I'll sit on the box with him. Pull up a bit, old son!"

To my consternation the driver chap halted and before I could remonstrate the Honorable George had mounted to the box beside him. Thankful I was that we had left the main street, though in the residence avenue where the change was made we attracted far more attention than was desirable.

"Didn't I tell you he was some mixer?" demanded Cousin Egbert of me, but I was too sickened to make any suitable response. The Honorable George's possession of a single spat was now flaunted, as it were, in the face of Red Gap's best families.

"How foreign it all is!" he repeated, turning back to us, yet with only his side glance for me. "But the American Johnny in London had a much smarter coach than this, and better animals too. You're not up to his class yet, old thing!"

"That dish-faced pinto on the off side," remarked the driver, "can outrun anything in this town for fun, money or marbles."

"Marbles," called the Honorable George to us—"why marbles? Silly things! It's all bally strange! And why do your villagers stare so?"

"Some little mixer, all right, all right," murmured Cousin Egbert in a sort of ecstasy as we drew up at the Floud home. "And yet one of them guys back there called him a typical Britisher. You bet I shut him up quick—saying a thing like that about a plumb stranger. I'd a mixed it with him right there except I thought it was better to have things nice and not start something the minute the judge got here."

With all possible speed I hurried the party indoors, for already faces were appearing at the windows of neighboring houses. Mrs. Effie, who met us, allowed her glares at Cousin Egbert, I fancy, to affect the cordiality of her greeting to the Honorable George; at least she seemed to be quite as dazed as he, and there was a moment of constraint before he went on up to the room that had been prepared for him.

Once safely within the room I contrived a moment alone with him and removed the single spat, not too gently, I fear, for the nervous strain since his arrival had told upon me.

"You have reason to be thankful," I said, "that Belknap-Jackson was not present to witness this."

"They cost seven and six," he muttered, regarding the one spat wistfully; "but why Belknap-Jackson?"

"Mr. C. Belknap-Jackson, of Boston and Red Gap," I returned sternly. "He does himself perfectly. To think he might have seen you in this rowdyish state!" And I hastened to seek a presentable lounge suit from his bags.

(Continued on Page 32

I Was Shocked to Observe the Honorable George and Cousin Egbert Waltzing Madly With the Cow Persons, Monk and Buck

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1 50) Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3 25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 6, 1915

The Spark in the Powder Barrel

THERE are the British White Papers, the German White Papers, the Russian Orange Paper, the Belgian Gray Paper and the French Yellow Book, containing official publication of the diplomatic correspondence and conversation that preceded the war. From all of them it seems clear that the whole issue of peace or war lay in the note which Austria sent to Servia on July twenty-third, 1914. That Austria had probable cause for complaint against Servia, and that she was entitled to demand full investigation of the archduke's assassination and assurance of respect for her sovereignty, no one denied. That Servia was prepared to go a good way in satisfying Austria, and that Russia would have insisted on a compliant Servian attitude toward tolerable Austrian demands, seem certain.

It seemed equally certain that an attempt by Austria to ride roughshod over Servia spelled war. British and French diplomats so saw it, and urged that Austria frame her demands on Servia in a way to leave the matter open to negotiation. Then came the note of the twenty-third, demanding, among many other things, that Servia accept the collaboration of Austria in suppressing agitation on Servian soil aimed against Austria, and the participation of Austrian delegates in the judicial proceedings over the assassination. This meant surrender of Servian sovereignty. It was essentially as though England should demand that her police officers and judges be given jurisdiction within the United States. Compliance with these demands within forty-eight hours was required—and the fat was in the fire.

All that would be perfectly comprehensible if only the caste-ridden militarist government of Austria were concerned. That government, the neutral world would have said, had determined to punish Servia; but war for Austria meant war for Germany. The issue of peace or war lay in the character of the Austrian note, and the German Foreign Office declared its ignorance of the contents of the note Austria was about to deliver. The French Ambassador at Berlin observed: "I could not help but be astonished at a declaration that is so little in conformity with what circumstances would lead one to suppose." In that astonishment the neutral world still shares. If the German Government, with shut eyes, allowed Austria to frame and deliver a note which actually meant peace or war for the German people, all that the extremest critics have said against statecraft diplomacy is more than justfied.

Jack the Giant Killer

IT IS difficult to understand the Administration's insistence on Government merchant ships. We wonder whether a paragraph in the Senate Commerce Committee's report on the bill throws any light on the motive. In this paragraph the committee points out that ocean transportation is virtually a monopoly—meaning that the chief lines work coöperatively through pools and agreements for the purpose of stabilizing rates, very much as our railroads maintain uniform rates by joint action.

Everyone knows the extreme abhorrence in which any monopolistic taint—except in the important fields of labor and agriculture—is held at Washington. Foreign shipowners decline to consult our Government's theories that combinations to maintain rates are obnoxious; and a United States Court has upheld them in that, on the rather cogent ground that the pools and combinations, though stabilizing rates, really harm nobody.

If we are to enforce our antimonopoly theories on salt water apparently the only recourse is a line of Government ships that can do what it pleases with rates and fall back on the Treasury for the deficit. No doubt if we are bound to crush coöperation wherever it shows its baleful head—except in labor and agriculture—we must be prepared for heroic measures.

Logical Freight Rates

CHAIRMAN HARLAN'S statement that freight rates in the United States are full of inconsistencies and discriminations is indisputable; but so are freight rates in every other important country, whether the roads are in private hands or owned by the government.

We used to believe in a thoroughly logical structure of freight charges. It sounds most plausible. To carry a passenger a mile under given conditions costs so much. Therefore you should charge every passenger so much for every mile he rides. To carry a ton of freight a mile under given conditions costs so much. Therefore you should charge every ton, moving under the same general conditions, so much for every mile it travels. But apparently it cannot be worked out that way.

Under government ownership in Germany, as much as under private ownership in the United States, charging what the traffic will bear comes nearer to being the prevailing rule. That a strictly uniform schedule of freight charges would preclude considerable business that now goes by rail seems clear. Though there must be some limit beyond which roads should not go in moving traffic at unprofitable rates, it is difficult to define the limit by any hard and fast rule. Practically the railroad proposition is: "We will move your goods and get enough, on the whole, to pay expenses and dividends."

Within reasonable limitations, that proposition is probably a better one, on the whole, for the country's commerce than a strict rule of charging every shipment with an equal proportion of expenses and dividends.

The Ever-Open Spigot

THE New York State Canal, it seems, will cost thirty million dollars more than the estimate. The additional cost is explained as due to waste and extravagance under former administrations. So far as we have observed, the people of the state take this explanation placidly—rather as though it was about what they expected. If the thirty million dollars consisted of Wall Street profits on bond underwritings, over a term, say, of a dozen years, or was in any other imaginable way referable to a Money Trust, there would probably be great indignation over it.

When it is a question of government waste and extravagance, the public simply shrugs its shoulders and sighs: "Yes; the blamed thing always leaks!"

Stability of Business

THERE were more business failures in 1914 than ever before, as we mentioned some time ago; yet less than one per cent of the concerns in business failed that year. In no year since 1898 has the number of failures exceeded one out of a hundred of the concerns in business. Bradstreet's report, running back thirty-three years, shows no year in which the number of failures amounted to one and a half per cent of the concerns in business.

This period includes the big panic of 1893 and the four years of hard times following, as well as the lesser panic of 1907. In 1893 a little less than fifteen out of each thousand concerns failed. That is the high-water mark of commercial mortality. The low-water mark is 1906, when six and a half out of each thousand failed. The number of concerns covered by Bradstreet's report now exceeds one million seven hundred thousand. They are of all sorts and sizes, run by all kinds of people—many of them with little capital and little experience.

If the constancy of failure is remarkable—for we can confidently say that not very far from one out of a hundred will fail each year—the stability of business the figures reflect is even more remarkable. In the very worst demoralization, less than fifteen out of a thousand fail.

Just a little better judgment, a little better management, a little greater skill in buying, a little more caution in extending credit—and failures would almost disappear.

Running a State

IN JANUARY the Illinois legislature convened, with the usual shindy and scandal. Anyone who considers the uniform legislative experience of that commonwealth during the last twenty-five years will need to look no farther for an explanation of the derogatory meaning attaching to the name of the fish from which Illinois takes its sobriquet. So far as that meaning implies that a body politic of suckers would admire such an institution as the Illinois legislature, it probably slanders the fish.

Illinois has a tax law that leaves a great number of citizens to the cheering alternative of committing perjury or suffering a confiscation of their incomes—or of being indicted for failing to file a schedule. Tax officers and law officers admit frankly that to enforce the law is utterly impossible. In Illinois any penniless adventurer can style himself a bank and fleece thrifty persons who labor under the delusion that the word "bank" must imply responsibility. The tax scandal and the bank scandal—to mention no others—have been discussed and denounced time out of mind; but that is as far as the state has been able to get in correcting either abuse.

The Illinois legislature consists of two hundred and four members, elected by fifty-one districts. That responsibility and efficiency can be found in such a body is out of the question. If so constituted it will function in the next two hundred and fifty years just about as it has during the last twenty-five. There is talk now of a constitutional revision; but we hear little about reducing the legislature and recasting it into such form that efficiency may reasonably be expected from it.

The Haven Argument

EVERY immigration debate rings the changes on our traditional policy of opening a haven of refuge to the oppressed of every land. Of course that is not our traditional policy. Probably in no land is there more oppression than in China, and the Japanese are the most heavily taxed people; but we are very decidedly not inviting the oppressed of those lands to swarm over to our haven.

We have never hesitated to exclude immigration that seemed unprofitable to us. If our only duty with regard to immigration is to provide a haven, then obviously we ought to welcome the halt, the blind and the beggared most of all. Saint Francis would have sore doubts about an eleemosynary institution that shut out the most helpless.

There are those who hold the fine and brave idea that we should keep an open door to all healthy, well intentioned white immigration, because, in the long run, that is best for us, best for humanity, and most nearly corresponds with the true democratic ideal. Then there are those who want no restriction on the supply of cheap unskilled labor, because that is the raw material of their business.

Again, there are those who believe that unrestricted immigration acts as a constant weight on the condition of labor in this country and has already reached undigestible proportions, so that, instead of quickly blending with the mass, it tends to stagnate in alien pools.

Free immigration is the finer idea; but a million aliens a year, mainly from Southern and Eastern Europe, raise a very practical problem that cannot be brushed aside by empty phrases.

A Railroad Note

RAILROAD construction in 1914 amounted to but little over fifteen hundred miles, being the smallest mileage in any year since 1895—when the country was fast in the grip of prolonged hard times, following the panic of 1893. Fewer locomotives were built than in any year since 1898.

Also 1914 is the first year in which more miles of railroad were built in Canada than in the United States. A preliminary and unofficial estimate puts gross railroad earnings for the year at two hundred million dollars less than during the year before, and net earnings, after paying taxes, at about seventy-five million dollars less.

Those who regard privately owned railroads as malevolent concerns, which should always be repressed as much as possible, will find this showing very satisfactory. Other people will take little pleasure in it.

Crime and Punishment

THERE are two great difficulties in the United States—first, to catch and convict our criminals; second, to treat them with reasonable decency after conviction. At times the second seems almost as insuperable as the first. It was only after the new reform administration took charge at Sing Sing, for example, that visitors were allowed to see prisoners on Sundays and holidays—those being the only days when relatives and friends of prisoners were, as a rule, able to come to the prison.

Another reform permits postage stamps for prisoners' letters to be purchased out of funds deposited by themselves or their friends for that purpose. It is further promised that the doubling-up of prisoners in cells, except in cases of father and son or of brothers, will be avoided—"as far as possible."

The prevailing system has been to punish the convicted criminal not only for his own crime but for the crimes of all those who escaped—by surrounding him with many stupid restrictions, the only effect of which was to make him as miserable as possible.

Turning Round on a Smaller Margin

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATION BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE CHANCES FOR SAVING IN SELLING AND MANAGEMENT

OUR electrical business must now amount to something more than two million dollars a day, divided between production of electrical machinery and equipment and the making of electric current for sale to the public.

Not long ago an electrical man figured that the whole industry spends about eighty million dollars a year for selling expenses. Of this sum only twenty millions goes to create new demand for electricity and equipment; sixty millions is spent in a fierce competitive struggle for existing business.

Existing business is like Topsy—it has no father or mother, but just sort of grows.

An electric-lighting company, for example, needs a ten-thousand-dollar addition to its plant because population has increased in the territory served. Hardly any creative saleswork has been done in that territory. Growth of current sales is like unearned increment in land values.

Five different equipment manufacturers compete for that order. Naturally only one of them can get it; but the four who fail are probably under as much selling expense in trying as the successful manufacturer who lands the order. The total sales outlay of all five will eventually be charged against that equipment in some way; for in the course of a year these different manufacturers, competing for existing business, will each get a share of orders, and the sales expenses of all must be met out of the grand total.

In the general shrinkage of profits now going on in American business such duplication of selling expense constitutes a waste that is attracting wide attention. It offers a margin for saving that must be turned to advantage; so in many lines to-day there is a determined effort to improve and cheapen sales methods.

In the electrical business it has been found that better sales methods mean better organization of the whole industry from top to bottom.

There are four branches of the electrical business: The manufacturer makes equipment for generating, transmitting and utilizing electricity, and sells to the central station, or electric-lighting company, which makes current for sale to the public. Before the public can utilize current, of course, buildings must be wired and fitted with fixtures, and that is the particular work of the electrical contractor. Both the contractor and the public need a great miscellany of electrical materials, fixtures and devices; and so the fourth factor in the business is the electrical contractor, who maintains stocks of everything, from wire and insulators to electric fans, motors and toasters. For years all four have been working more or less at cross-purposes to get the existing business, one trying to shut out the other in many cases. And all the while the possibilities for developing new demand have been neglected.

Education in Electrical Possibilities

TAKE the case of the electric-lighting company that needs ten thousand dollars' worth of new equipment to care for growth in its territory: This growth represents new homes built with increase of population, making new customers for current. Where one customer is added by growth of that sort, there may be several others who have built houses and who ought to use current, but who do not. The chief item in cost of electric service for the public is the first capital outlay for wiring one's house. This runs to quite a sum, usually, and families living in homes below a certain value cannot afford it.

In this country the dividing line between those who can afford a wired house and those who cannot has been kept altogether too far up among well-to-do families; while in Europe the electrical companies have developed economical systems of wiring, so that the cottage of the laborer who can afford as few as three or four incandescent lamps may enjoy electric service.

Once the house is wired, even the poor man can afford electricity for different purposes. In case of sickness a fan may be rented and attached to one of the lamp sockets, for example; and, though it may not be possible for him to have his toast made by electricity, his wife may find it genuinely economical to iron the clothes with an electric iron.

To wire more homes is to create new demand for everybody in the industry, and calls for united effort by all the different interests. The manufacturer must develop inexpensive meters to measure the poor man's consumption of "juice," work out economical wiring systems that will pass fire regulations, and devise new apparatus; while the central station, jobber and contractor must work together to get these conveniences into more homes.

The Money Tied Up in Samples for a Large Salesforce Was Considerable

This is but one channel through which fresh demand can be made; and by way of creating new business on a broad scale the whole electrical industry has lately organized a society for electrical development. The chief work of this society will be to educate the public in electrical possibilities; but by no means the least part of its job is that of impressing the possibilities on electrical men themselves.

The salesmen with one concern were being paid an average salary of sixty dollars a month. A new sales manager took charge. Study of sales records showed that each man was selling just about enough goods to warrant his salary and that most of the sales were made to old customers.

The new manager made a startling announcement. He said that the salary of every man on the sales force would be raised to one hundred dollars a month. Each salesman would be expected to bring in new business to cover the raise. Moreover, as the company did not want any salesmen not capable of earning that salary, those who could not come up to the new standard would be given an opportunity to resign.

Not a man left that salesforce! Under the guidance of the new manager, who knew where the undeveloped business lay waiting, everybody got busy in fresh territory, among new prospects; and there was an increase of two hundred per cent the first month.

New kinks in selling are being contrived to meet the need for economy. In clothing lines, for instance, the drummer has carried a sample of each garment in the season's styles. His big sample trunks often filled a wagon, and the money tied up in samples for a large salesforce was considerable. It was costly to ship so much baggage, and there was delay in getting samples unpacked, limiting the number of customers who could be visited in a week, as well as causing waste of customers' time in looking over so many bulky samples.

To relieve this situation there has lately come the Omaha idea for such goods. Instead of making up sample garments for all the salesmen, single samples are made and photographed on models. Each salesman then takes on the road portfolios of these photographs, with cuttings of the fabrics from which each is made, and details of trimmings, linings, and other information needed in making selections. The salesmen get about more quickly, the customer looks over the line in less time, and the cost of doing business is decreased all round. This improvement in methods, made originally in the city after which it is named, seems capable of very wide application in selling.

Much management is performed wastefully, unthinkingly, at low pressure.

Not long ago a new president was elected in an Eastern corporation. When he sat down at the executive desk the first morning his secretary brought in about a ream of papers that were waiting for his signature. The greater part of them had been left unsigned by the outgoing president. There were orders, checks, requisitions and the fag-end of an issue of bonds in the pile. He dipped a pen in the inkwell and began; and all the morning he worked busily writing his name, with a clerk to blot the last signature and feed a new paper to the executive signature machine.

Why Bark? Keep a Dog

WRITING one's name over and over may not seem to be very hard work, but those who have tried it testify that it is; and certainly nothing will wear out a steel pen faster than monotonous repetition of the loops and curves in a signature. By noon the new president's hand was cramped and his patience exhausted. He asked himself why he should be paid about fifty dollars a day just to write his name, while real management was neglected; and could discover no reason.

So he immediately called in the company attorney and took steps to delegate the signing to a clerk; and now it is only when the law compels it that he submits to writing his name a few thousand times, as in the case of a new bond issue. Yet hundreds of highly paid corporation officials continue this practice of signing all sorts of papers—a heritage from an early business age.

In another instance this chore of signing was handed over to an outside organization in a way that constituted quite a departure in business methods.

A corporation in the Middle West pays out several million dollars monthly for materials, supplies and machinery. The money goes to thousands of creditors and, as done in the old way, involved the signing of thousands of checks, mailing, receiving back receipted bills for filing, and similar detail. Most of this detail work was abolished at a stroke by checking up all the accounts due to creditors, making a list, and depositing with its own bank enough money to pay the grand total.

The bank was given a list of the creditors, with the amounts due each, and told to open a checking account with every creditor for the amount the company owed him. Each creditor was notified by the company that his money lay there in its bank, subject to his check; and he was advised to continue the new account for convenience in making payments, and told that the bank would in future notify him when his bills were paid.

Thus, much of the clerical work connected with paying bills was either eliminated or shifted over to the bank's organization. The plan was put into effect so suddenly that the bankers objected a little at first, on the ground that the company was shifting its office work to them; but what was really done was to hand over several thousand new accounts to one bank, in which deposits would involve only one monthly bookkeeping entry, instead of the handling, clearing and collection of hundreds of checks and drafts. Apart from the notice to each creditor of money deposited to his account, the bank's work was lessened.

In the end, of course, all the shifts and economies necessary in doing business on smaller margins of profit and cost must come back to management. Conditions in this country during the past five years have been such as put a premium on resourceful management. Foreign competition and tariff changes; rising cost of labor, materials, and other expenses; political agitation and new laws; government regulation, wise and otherwise; business depression due to international causes—these have put up to the management problem after problem that seemed unsolvable, and have driven executives into corners from which there appeared to be no way out.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last article in a series by James H. Collins

"The Sunday Before"

"Since The Ove

THE above pictures vividly tell an every-day story. On one hand you have discontentment, depression, and a dangerous dash of unhappiness lurking around.

On the other hand you have happiness, vigor, geniality and pleasure.

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"The Sunday After"
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out in the brisk and bracing air; of spinning along, out in the open country, with all the world before you, and all of your trials, tribulations and troubles behind you—forgotten.

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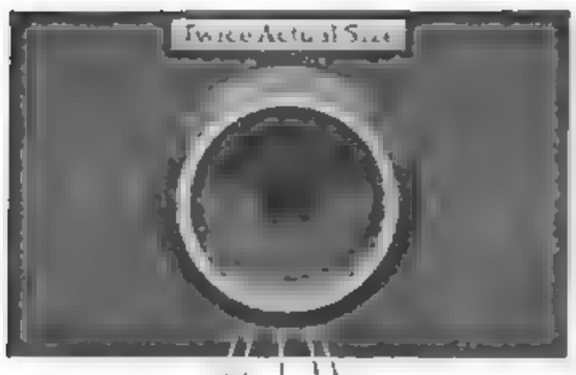

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BACK TO THE WHITE PAINT

Continued from Page 9)

went up every circus man pulled out a white handkerchief and tied it round his neck. That was something I hadn't seen in years and years.

When you're fighting in the dark you can't see faces very well and there's always a chance that you may bend a layout pin over the head of a friend; it simplifies matters a lot to know who to hit. The idea is to take a smash at everything not decorated with a white handkerchief. The rubes have to stop, look and listen before they swing; the razorbacks don't waste a second. If the handkerchief isn't there—bingo!

"Doesn't it carry you back?" says Tom, watching the battle from the top of a baggage wagon. "Makes me feel as though I'd like to grab a tent stake and wade in myself! Lord, but it's a lovely world after all—ain't it, Pete?"

IV

WE CROSSED the Wabash into Indiana and started north, ripping the country wide open as we went. Sherman's March to the Sea was a Sunday-afternoon stroll to our raid on the rustics. There wasn't a full clothesline or henhouse left in our wake.

"We're getting into the Oil Belt," says Tom. "To-morrow we show in Petrolio; our property is close round there somewhere."

He said "our property"; but, as a matter of fact, it belonged to Maggie. Tom Chilvers is a fair business man, but his wife is a better one.

"Maggie has got this oil game down pat," says Tom to me. "She knows all about these wells and things—how many barrels they're doing a day; what it's worth delivered at the refinery, and everything of that sort. She could have sold out a dozen times, but she won't do it. Can you imagine a bareback rider talking about oil sand and six-inch casings, and stuff like that?"

There was money in Petrolio, for the town was full of men from the oil fields—big, hairy-looking fellows, who weren't rubes by any means. They were wise. The afternoon show went pretty well—Tom was a riot, as usual—and there wasn't any trouble unless you count a few small fights on the lot between the oil men and the grafters.

At night, though, it was different. There was considerable red liquor in that town and it must have been easy to get. When the crowd began to gather after dark I could smell trouble in the very air. So could Tom. Every circus man had a tent stake or a layout pin spotted. We talked it over with Elephant Fatty, the bull man. Fatty was an old-timer in the show business; he could smell of a crowd and size it up.

"There will be a battle here to-night," says Tom, "or I don't know trouble when it's walking toward me."

"Ye've said a mouthful," says Fatty. "Big trouble! These oil-field guys are no rubes. They're wise, and they're hard-boiled too. If they clem they'll clem right, and no pink tea about it."

"Have you got your tent stake laid out handy?" says I.

Elephant Fatty grinned and shook his head.

"I have something here," says he, jabbing the hook into the tattered ear of the big bull, "which beats a tent stake forty ways from the jack—eh, Selim, me darlin'? Tell the gentlemen about Cairo, Illinye, little love-heart!"

Selim hoisted his trunk and let a blast out of him that sounded like forty slide trombones all going at once.

"He remembers!" says Fatty, bearing down on the hook until Selim trumpeted again. "Bless his tender little heart, he remembers! Don't ye, Selim?"

Tom swears that the elephant winked one eye.

"And if the worst comes to the worst," says Fatty, "we'll whirl in an' give these hard-boiled guys what we give the webfoot coons at Cairo, Illinye, two years ago come August. Will we not, me jewel?" Selim began to rock at his moorings and rumble inside of himself. "Two years ago; but he remembers it well!" says Fatty. "Ah, he's the grand little pal to have handy when a clem starts!"

"What was it you gave 'em at Cairo?" says Tom.

"More than they bargained for," says Fatty. "Big trouble is coming. Ye have only to look at Selim to know it. If ye should hear me little companion thrumpet twice, climb a tree or get under a wagon, or something. Give him room accordin' to his stren'th, which is amazin': an' don't forget your white hankacher or ye're liable to be left on the lot in a catamose condition. He's a true showman, is Selim; an' I've taught him to respect a flag av truce."

The show opened quietly enough, but the general admissions were pack-jammed with men and there were more on the outside. I thought I'd circulate round a bit and keep my ears open. The smell of trouble was growing stronger every minute and I was nervous. I admit that I'm getting too old to enjoy a real clem any more.

Just before Tom's first entrance I started down the hippodrome track toward the reserves. His music cue was beginning—a slow, dragging thing with a muffled drumbeat in it that somehow always reminded me of a march written for a lame man.

It interested me to watch the people when Tom was working and see how long it took him to hook 'em. When the snare drum started the roll, which was the signal for him to come on, I looked along the line and there, in the front row of the reserves and not twenty feet from me, sat Maggie Chilvers!

At the same instant the curtains parted and Tom stepped out, carrying the tail of his coat in one hand.

Don't tell me that a woman can be fooled with paint and clothes; they see clear through to what's behind them. There was Tom, away across the tent, in a make-up and a costume that she'd never seen; yet Maggie knew him the minute she laid eyes on him—knew him at the first glimpse!

She started to get on her feet, but dropped back again; and Tom's clown face wasn't any whiter than hers for a minute or two. All round her people were beginning to titter and laugh; Maggie sat there absolutely frozen, expressionless, but her eyes never left him for a second. I wonder that he didn't feel that steady stare on him. I would have given something to know what she was thinking about.

After a while the shock began to wear off. It was a hard crowd to start, particularly in the general admissions; a sort of we'll-laugh-at-you-now-but-look-out-for-yourself-later-on feeling was in the air, but Tom finally got them coming his way and hung on to them. They had to laugh in spite of themselves.

I saw that Maggie was puzzled about something; I could pretty near tell what it was too. Before they were married she used to stand in the connection and watch Tom at work in the ring; she was familiar with every little move and gesture of his old acts, yet here was a finished and polished performance that was absolutely new to her. She was circus woman enough to know that it had taken a long time to perfect that act; it couldn't have been impromptu stuff.

"Where in the world did he get it?" was what her eyes were saying.

Little by little the stern expression faded, and toward the end, when he made the point that drew roars from the general admissions, she actually smiled—a faint one, but still a smile. I shall always regard that smile as the very highest tribute ever earned by any clown. Making a king laugh wasn't a circumstance to it.

I pulled my hat down over my eyes, hunched my shoulders and sneaked back the way I came. Tom's act was nearly over and I knew it wouldn't be long before Maggie would be looking for me—and not with a smile either. Out in the performers' entrance I bumped into Elephant Fatty.

"Your friend is th' prince av all livin' clowns," says he, looking up at me and waving his hand toward the big tent. "He's made thim laugh when they didn't want to. Yes; the prince av all clowns, livin' an' dead, is what he is. . . . But look out! Th' big clem is comin'. Selim knows it. It's in the air."

I didn't have the heart to tell Tom about Maggie. If it was going to be his last night of the old life I wanted him to enjoy it as long as he could. And then, there was the chance he might make her smile again. That would help some.

While Tom was changing for his next act, I went outside. It was a black night

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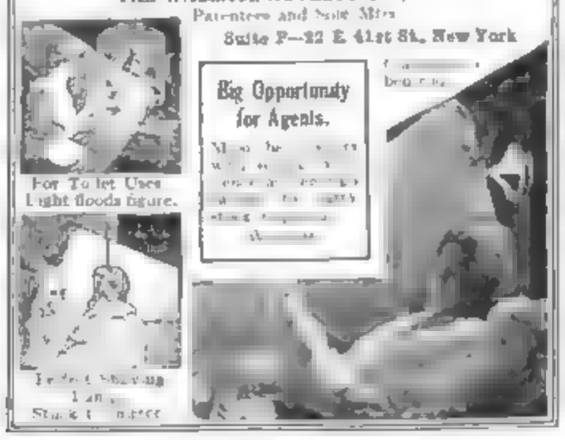

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and the spindle men were working in closer to the tents than usual. They reported no business and said they didn't like the looks of things. Neither did I. A razorback came running from the direction of town.

"Get ready!" says he, all out of breath. "There's a big gang framing up to come down about the time the show lets out!"

"Pass the word quietly," says I, and went in through the animal tent.

Elephant Fatty had the hook in Selim's ear again and they were mumbling to each other. I heard something about "Cairo, Illinye," as I passed.

I found Tom waiting for his cue.

"Cut out your last act," says I, "and dress after this one. There's going to be big trouble here."

"I wouldn't be surprised," says he. "It's an ugly crowd to work to, Pete, but they were all with me before I quit."

I went into the tent and sat down at the far end of the reserves, where I could watch Maggie. She wasn't interested in the tumblers, but she sat up when Tom came on again. He had to warm up his audience the same as at first, but he left them roaring and Maggie had smiled three times. That gave me courage, and before she knew where I had come from I was whispering in her ear.

"You must get out of here," says I. "There's going to be a big fight on the lot."

"Does Tom know?" says she; and that was like the old Maggie—to think of him before everything else.

"I've told him," says I, "and he's dressing. Come with me."

I walked with her as far as the main entrance, talking a blue streak for fear she'd start in on me, not saying a word about Tom or what we were doing with a show of that kind, but telling her what a tough town it was and what the razorback had said. I was never so thankful for something to talk about in my life. Maggie didn't open her mouth until I got her outside and then she turned and looked at me. I'd rather had a man hit me; it would have hurt less.

"This is your doing," says she. "It's not the time or the place to discuss the matter. I will be waiting at the Grand Central Hotel. Tell Tom I want to see him there at once. Fishing trip! It's lucky that I had to come West on business."

"I think I'd better go with you," says I. "You never can tell ——"

"I can take care of myself," says she.

She walked across the lot and I followed at a safe distance. I kept a block behind her until she reached her hotel and then I started back for the tents.

I got there in time to see the beginning of the trouble. The show was just over and the crowd pouring out when the oil gang began to cut the ropes. The horse tent went down first and then the big top began to sag on one side. The lot was black with men who weren't there for any good and it looked like a general all-hands-round clem. Something—I guess it was just an old showman's instinct—prompted me to tie a handkerchief on before I mixed in with the crowd.

I knew where Tom would be and I headed for the dressing tent. I will say one thing for the rank and file with Jim Haines' show: they were henroost robbers and clothesline pirates, but they were not cowards. They took the worst of the odds without a murmur. They were outnumbered ten to one, but the fighting line was holding the oil gang back from the tents. In the dark ahead of me I heard grunting and swearing, mixed in with the crack of the tent stakes and the thump of layout pins. The oil men were fighting with their fists, and mighty handy scrappers they were; but every time a tent stake landed somebody went down—the right party, whoever it was.

I found it was no place for a man with rheumatism, so I climbed up on the seat of one of the circus wagons, where I could look down on it. About that time there came two terrific blasts from Selim, loud enough to wake the dead, and there was a sudden movement in the crowd. I could see that every white handkerchief was ducking to cover. The oil gang closed in toward the tents; but the advance piled up like a wave when it strikes a cliff, hung motionless for one scared second, and then rolled back again.

"Cairo, Illinye, me darlin'!" yells a voice that I knew, and Selim came bulging out into the open, a wild elephant if ever there was one.

And that wasn't all: the big brute had a quarter pole in his trunk and he was swinging it like a farmer swings a scythe. Now, a quarter pole is next to a center pole in size, about thirty feet long, small at one end and big at the other, like the mast of a ship.

Selim had his trunk wrapped about the small end, and every time he swung that thirty-foot toothpick round and about him he cleared a space big enough to build a skyscraper on. Elephant Fatty had Selim by the tail with one hand and with the other he was sinking the prod into him at every jump.

"Sweep the lot, me jewel!" he screams. "Give 'em what we give the webfoot coons at Cairo, Illinye!"

There wasn't anything to it; Selim swept the lot. The oil men didn't start to run until the elephant was right on top of them, and the quarter pole mowed them down like tenpins. I never saw such a wild stampede to get off a circus lot in my life, and I was present when the college boys upset the animal cages at Ann Arbor.

Into the open space behind the elephant ran Tom Chilvers, laughing; he wanted to see the fun. I yelled to him and he started toward me; but just as he passed into the shadow of the wagon a razorback swung a tent stake and Tom went down, rolling over and over like a shot rabbit. I had his head in my lap in less than a second.

"You fool!" says I to the razorback. "He's one of us!"

"How was I to know?" says the man. "He didn't have any handkerchief on!"

Now wasn't that just like poor old rattle-brained Tom—to run out into a clem like that without putting on the flag of truce?

V

THE doctor said it was a case of concussion of the brain. With Maggie and the nurse in the room there wasn't much I could do; but I waited. At midnight he was still unconscious, but beginning to toss and ramble a little.

"Ain't it like old times, Pete? . . . Lord, but it's been a long time though! . . . Go on, Selim! . . . But I made 'em laugh, didn't I? . . . A tough crowd to work to! . . . She wouldn't have a horse on the place, Pete. . . . And what a rider she was!"

Maggie was kneeling by the side of the bed, holding his hand and listening to every word.

"The new stuff got over, eh? . . . Went bigger than I thought it would. . . . Well, why wouldn't an act go smooth after eight years' rehearsing? . . . Can you imagine the poor old clown? . . . That's the trouble, Pete. . . . Nobody to laugh! . . . A barn loft ain't like a tent, is it? . . . We mustn't let Maggie know! . . . She never gets the fever. . . . Her knees are all bunged up; she couldn't ride any more even if she wanted to. . . . Lord! if I could only try this out on an audience! . . . Eight years! . . . Eight years!"

Maggie beckoned to me and I knelt down on the other side of the bed.

"What does he mean, Pete, about eight years' rehearsing? I don't understand."

Well, I told her the truth; it wasn't any time for stalling. I told her about the empty loft and the dressing room with the circus pictures on the wall. I told her about him, clowning all alone for the love of it, and the memories it brought back to him. I told her about the fever that gets into an old showman in the spring of the year when the circuses are starting out on the road. And while I talked she cried and kissed his hand.

"Play it slower, professor!" says Tom, beating time with his hand. "Slower yet, and a little more drum in it. . . . That's better. . . . Pete, you watch 'em and tell me whether they laugh. . . . Don't forget the big drum when I drop the cigar."

"Tom! Tom! Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you?"

He must have heard her and recognized the voice, because pretty soon he opened his eyes and blinked a few times.

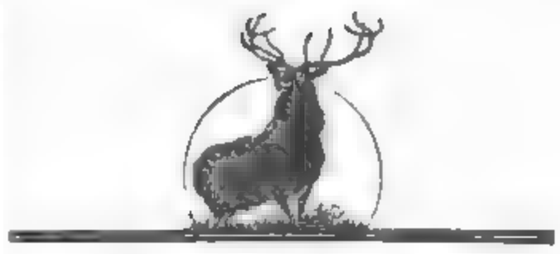
"Hello, Pete!" says he. "What's happened to us?" Then Maggie grabbed him. Tom took one look and shut his eyes tight. "Oh, Lord!" says he. "Caught with the goods!"

Maggie couldn't speak at first, she was crying so hard.

Tom opened one eye a crack and peeked at me.

"I remember now. . . . I was following the elephant and somebody took a smash at me. . . . How long ago was that and how did she come to be here?"

(Concluded on Page 29)



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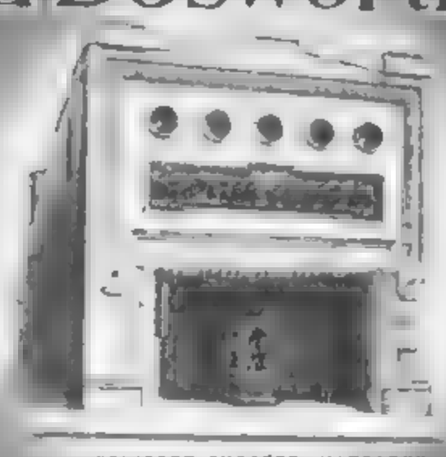

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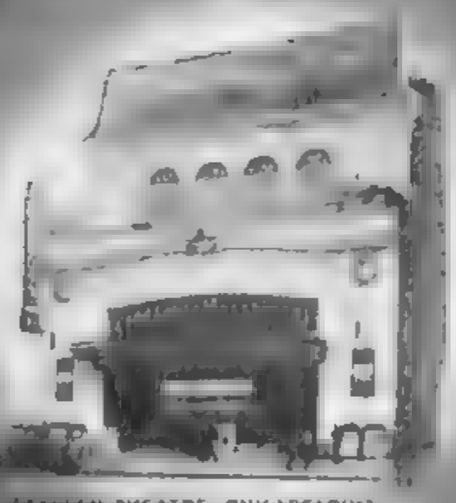

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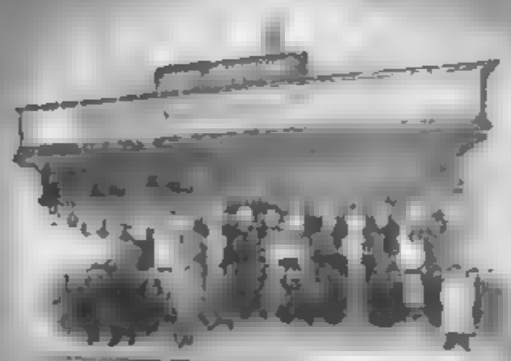

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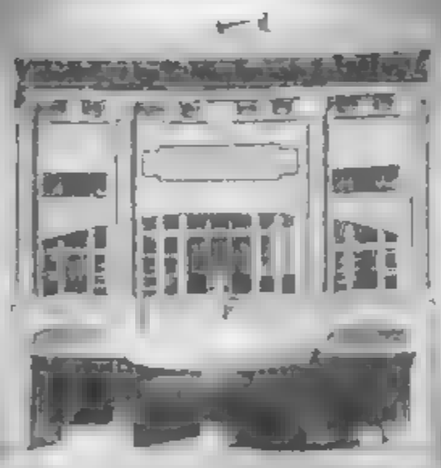

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(Concluded from Page 27)

I explained matters; it seemed to ease him a little to know that Maggie had found him by accident. She was still crying, and that puzzled him.

"Tell me the truth, Pete," says he. "Am I hurt bad?"

"No, Tom; just a tap on the head—that's all."

"But—she's crying," says he. "There, there, Maggie! It's all right. The old clown was only playing hookey for a couple of weeks. He was going to come home in a few days—honest, he was! Don't you cry, honey! The boss and Pete are the only ones who know, and they won't tell. The neighbors ——"

"Oh, hush!" says Maggie. "What do I care for the neighbors now?"

She had her arms round him, kissing him and crying at the same time.

"You—you ain't mad at me?" says he. "I just had to go back once more, old girl. I stood it as long as I could. If you'll forgive me I'll never do it again—cross my heart and hope to die!"

"Tom," says Maggie, "it's me that wants to be forgiven. . . . I didn't know. . . . I didn't dream it meant so much to you."

"Well, it does," says Tom. "It means everything. I've had the fever every spring, honey; but this time it was too much for me."

"And so you went and mixed up with a little grafting show like this!" says Maggie. "I'm ashamed of you!"

"I'm ashamed of myself," says Tom. "I'll never do it again."

"Indeed, you won't!" says Maggie. "If you get the fever next spring you come and tell me about it, and I'll let you go back with the Big Show, where they don't have any fights on the lot. Do you hear?"

"That's my old circus rider talking!" yells Tom. "That's Maggie Delaney!"

And then the nurse put us out of the room. It was time, too, because the patient wanted to get up and turn a back somersault.

It's a pretty safe bet that Tom will have the fever next spring. Every day or so we go up in the loft and rehearse in order to be prepared in case of an attack of it. Maggie is the audience.

It looks as though Pardelli will have to hunt another job; and Tom says that if he could find out which razorback hit him he would make him a present of a gold watch and chain.

THE PRAIRIE WIFE

(Continued from Page 15)

the meaning of Olga's mild stare of reproof. For the next moment the downpour came, and with it the wind. And such wind! There had been nothing to stop its sweep, of course, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, and it hit us the same as a hurricane at sea hits a liner. The shack shook with the force of it. My two wash tubs went bounding and careening off across the landscape, the chicken coop went over like a ninepin, and the air was filled with bits of flying timber. Olga's wagon, with the hayrack on top of it, moved solemnly and ponderously across the barnyard and crashed into the corral, propelled by no power but that of the wind. My sweet-pea hedges were torn from their wires, and an armful of hay came smack against the shack window and was held there by the wind, darkening the room more than ever. Then the storm blew itself out, though it poured for two or three hours afterward.

And all the while I worried about my Dinky-Dunk, who was away for the day, doing what he could to arrange for some harvest hands when the time for cutting came. For the wheat, it seems, ripens all at once, and then the grand rush begins. If it isn't cut the moment it's ripe the grain shells out, and that means loss. Olga has been saying that the wheat on the Cummin's Section will easily run forty bushels to the acre and over. It will also grade high, whatever that means. There are six hundred and forty acres of it in that section, and I've just figured out that this means a little over twenty-five thousand bushels of grain. Our other piece on the home ranch is a larger tract, but a little lighter in crop. That wheat is just beginning to turn from green to the palest of yellow. And it has a good show, Olga says, if frost will only keep off and no hail comes. Our first occupation for the next few weeks will be watching the weather.

Sunday, the fourteenth. Percy and Mrs. Watson drove over to see how we'd all weathered the storm. They found the chicken coop once more right side up and everything shipshape. Percy promptly asked where Olga was. I pointed her out to him, breast-high in the growing wheat. She looked like Ceres, in her big, new, loose-fitting blue waist, with the noonday sun on her yellow gold head and her mild ruminative eyes with their misted sky-line effect. She always seems to fit into the landscape here. I suppose it's because she's a born daughter of the soil. And a sea of wheat makes a perfect frame for that massive, benignant figure of hers. I looked at Percy—at thin-nosed, unpractical Percy, with all his finicky sensibilities, with his high fastidious reticences, with his effete, inbred meagerness of bone and sinew, with his distinguished pride of distinguished race rather running to seed. And I stood marveling at the wisdom of old Mother Nature, who was so plainly propelling him toward this revitalizing, revivifying, redeeming type which his pale austerities of spirit could never quite neutralize. Even Dinky-Dunk has noticed what is taking place. He saw them standing side by side in the grain. When he came in he pointed them out to me and merely said "Hermann und Dorothea!" But I remembered my Goethe well enough to understand.

Monday, the twenty-ninth. I woke Dinky-Dunk up last night, crying. I just got thinking about things again, how far away we were from everything, how hard it would be to get help if we needed it, and how much I'd give if I only had you, Matilda Anne, for the next few weeks. . . . I got up and went to the window and looked out. The moon was big and yellow like a cheese. And the midnight prairie itself seemed so big and wide and lonely, and I seemed such a tiny speck on its face, so far away from every one, from God himself, that all the courage went out of me. Dinky-Dunk was right; it is life that is taming me. I stood at the window, praying, and then I slipped back into bed. Dinky-Dunk works so hard and gets so tired that it would take a Chinese devil gong to waken him, once he's asleep. He did not stir when I crept back into bed. And *that*, as I lay there wide awake, made me feel that even my own husband had betrayed me. And I bawled until Dinky-Dunk finally did wake up. I couldn't tell him what was the matter. I blubbered out that I only wanted him to hold me. He took me in his arms and kissed my wet eyelids, hugging me up close to him, until I got quieter. Then I fell asleep. But poor Dinky-Dunk was awake when I opened my eyes about four, and had been that way for hours. He was afraid of disturbing me by taking his arm from under my head. To-day he looks tired and dark around the eyes. But he was up and off early. There is so much to be done these days! He is putting up a grub tent and a rough sleeping shack for the harvest hands, so that I won't be bothered with a lot of rough men about the house here. I'm afraid I'm an encumbrance, when I should be helping. But they seem to be taking everything out of my hands.

Saturday, the fourth. I love to watch the wheat, now that it's really turning. It waves like a sea and stretches off into the distance as far as the eye can follow it. It's as high as my shoulder, almost, and sometimes it moves up and down like a slowly breathing breast. When the sun is low it turns a pure Roman gold and makes my eyes ache. But I love it. It strikes me as being glorious and at the same time pathetic—I scarcely know why. I can't analyze my feelings. But the prairie brings a great peace to my soul. It is so rich, so maternal, so generous. It seems to brood under a passion to give, to yield up, to surrender all that is asked of it. And it is so tranquil. It seems like a bosom breathed on by the breath of God.

Wednesday, the eighth. It is nearly a year now since I came to Casa Grande. I can scarcely believe it. The nights are getting very cool again and any time now there might be a heavy frost. If it should

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freeze this next week or two I think my Dinky-Dunk would just curl up and die. Poor boy, he's working so hard! I pray for that crop every night. I worry about it. Last night I dreamed it was burned up in a prairie fire and woke up screaming for wet blankets. It took Dinky-Dunk some time to quiet me again. I asked him if he loved me now that I was getting old and ugly. He said I was the most beautiful thing God ever made and that he loved me in a deeper and nobler way than he did a year ago. Then I asked him if he'd ever get married again if I should die. He called me silly and said I was going to live to be eighty and that a gasoline tractor couldn't kill me. But he promised I'd be the only one, whatever happened. And I believe him. I know Dinky-Dunk would go in black for a solid year if I should die, and he'd never, never marry again, for he's the sort of Old Sobersides who can only love one woman in one lifetime. And I'm the woman, glory be!

Tuesday, the fourteenth. Harvest time is here. The stage is cleared, and the last and great act of the drama now begins. It's a drama with a stage a thousand miles wide, and every actor has his part to do. Through the open windows I can hear the rattle of the self-binders. Olga is driving one like a tawny Boadicea up on her chariot. She said she never saw such heads of wheat. This is the first day's cutting, but those flapping canvas belts and those tireless arms of wood and iron won't have one-tenth, one-twentieth, of Dinky-Dunk's crop tied up by midnight. It is very cold, and Olie has lugubriously announced that it's sure going to freeze. So three times I've gone out to look at the thermometer and three times I've said my solemn little prayer:

"Oh, dear God, please don't freeze my poor Dinky-Dunk's wheat! O God, don't freeze Dinky-Dunk's crop!" And the Lord heard that prayer, for a Chinook came about two o'clock in the morning and the mercury slowly but steadily rose.

Thursday, the sixteenth. I had a great deal to talk about to-day. But I can't write. . . . I'm afraid, Matilda Anne! And I dread being alone.

Wednesday, the fifth. Three long weeks since those last words were written. And what shall I say, or how shall I begin? In the first place everything seemed gray. The bed was gray, my own arms were gray, the walls looked gray, the window glass was gray, and even Dinky-Dunk's face was gray. I didn't want to move for a long time. Then I got the strength to tell Mrs. Watson that I wanted to speak to my husband. She was wrapping something up in soft flannel and purring over it quite proudly and calling it a little lamb. When poor pale-faced Dinky-Dunk bent over the bed I asked him if it had a receding chin, or if it had a nose like Olie's. And he said it had neither, that it was a king of a boy and could holler like a good one. Then I told Dinky-Dunk what had been in my secret soul for so many months. Uncle Charlton had a receding chin, a boneless, dew-lappy sort of chin I'd always hated, and I'd been afraid it might fasten itself on my innocent offspring. Then, later on, I'd been afraid of Olie's frozen nose, with the split down the center. Isn't it funny how such foolish ideas get into a woman's mind? But I have my baby and I'm still alive, and although I sometimes wanted a girl Dinky-Dunk is so ridiculously proud and happy seeing it's a boy that I don't much care. I'm going to get well and strong in a few more days, and here against my breast I'm holding the God-love-itest little lump of pulsing manhood, the darlingest, solemnest, placidest, pinkest hope of the white race that ever made life full and perfect for a foolish mother. The doctor who finally came, after there was no longer any need for him, says there's nothing abnormal about me—that I'm getting on finely as to temper and nerves under the circumstances. So I'm just an ordinary, everyday woman, after all! But he's ordered twelve days in bed, which Olga regards as unspeakably preposterous; since one day, she proudly announced, was all her mother ever asked for—which shows the disadvantages of being too civilized!

Friday, the twenty-first. When Dinky-Dunk came in to-night, after his long drive out from Buckhorn, there was a look on his face that rather frightened me. I backed him up against the door, after he'd had a peep at the boy, and said:

"Let me smell your breath!" For with that strange light in his eyes I surely thought he'd been drinking. "Lips that touch liquor," I sang, "shall never touch mine!"

But I was mistaken and Dinky-Dunk only laughed, laughed in a quiet, inward, rumbling sort of way that was new to him.

"I believe I am drunk, Boca Chica," he solemnly confessed, "drunk as a lord!" Then he took both my hands in his. "D'you know what's going to happen?" he demanded.

And of course I didn't.

Then he hurled it at me.

"The railway's going to come!"

"*Skookum!*" I shouted.

"It's settled. And there's no mistake about it this time. Inside of ten months there'll be choo-choo cars steaming past Casa Grande. And there'll be a station within a mile of where you stand! And inside of two years this seventeen hundred acres of land will be worth forty dollars an acre, and perhaps fifty. And what that means I will leave you to figure out for yourself!"

"Whoopee!" I gasped, trying in vain to figure out how much forty times seventeen hundred was.

But that was not all. It would do away with the road haul to the elevator, Dinky-Dunk explained, which might have taken all the profit out of his grain growing. To team wheat into Buckhorn would have been a terrible discount, no matter what luck he might have with his crops. So he'd been moving heaven and earth to get the steel to come his way. He'd pulled wires and interviewed members of parliament and promised rights-of-way and guaranteed a water-tank supply and made use of his civil-engineering friends—until he won his battle. Casa Grande will no longer be the jumping-off place of civilization, the dot on the wilderness. It will be on the time-tables and the mail routes, and I know my Dinky-Dunk will be the first mayor of the new city, if there ever is a city for any one to be mayor of!

Sunday, the fourteenth. Little Dinky-Dink is fast asleep in his brand new white crib. The night is cool, so we have a fire going. Big Dinky-Dunk, who is smoking his pipe, has been sitting on one side of the table, and I have been sitting on the other. We have been making plans. Duncan has proved himself one of the wheat kings of the West. The battle is won; the lean days are over. We're to have a car and a telephone—as soon as the railway gets through—and a windmill and running water, and a new barn with a big soft-water tank at one end, and a new house with a cement cellar and a really truly furnace—and a winter in California if we want it. Later on I want a pony for little Dinky-Dink, for I want my son to be strong and manly and muscular. He must not use tobacco in any form until he is twenty, at least, and Dinky-Dunk has agreed that I shall do all the punishing—if any punishing is ever necessary. Little Dinky-Dink's father says he wants him to go to McGill and then to Oxford. But I am insisting on Harvard. I shall be firm about this. And I can't write much more, I'm afraid, Matilda Anne, for I find all my days so taken up, so gloriously taken up! And if I have any spare time it must go to another form of writing, for I feel it would be sheer neglect not to keep a journal and from day to day enter there everything that is worthy of record about my little son. And there seems so much to tell.

Tuesday, the sixteenth. Dinky-Dunk came in to-night, tiptoed over to the crib to see if the boy was all right and then came and put his hands on my shoulders, looking me solemnly in the eye.

"What do you suppose has happened?" he demanded.

"Another railroad coming to Casa Grande," I ventured.

He shook his head. Of course it was useless for me to try to guess. I pushed my finger against Dinky-Dunk's Adam's apple and asked him to tell me at once what the news was.

"Percival Benson Woodhouse has just calmly announced to me that next week he's going to marry Olga," was my husband's answer.

And he wondered why I smiled.

(THE END)

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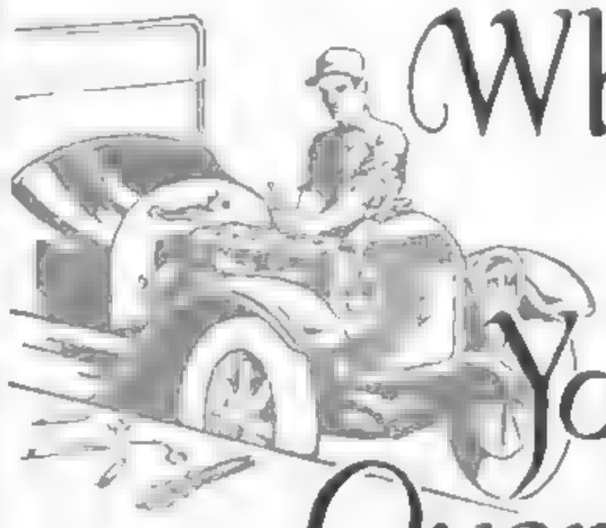

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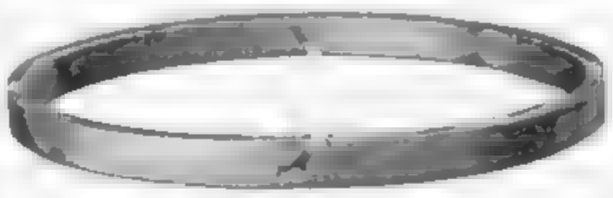

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RUGGLES OF RED GAP

Continued from Page 21)

"Everything is so strange," he muttered again quite helplessly. "And why the mural decoration at the edge of the settlement? Why keep one's eye upon it? Why should they do such things? I say it's all quite monstrous, you know."

I saw that indeed he was quite done for with amazement, so I ran him a bath and procured him a dish of tea. He rambled oddly at moments of things the guard on the night coach had told him of North America, of Niagara Falls and Missouri and other objects of interest. He was still almost quite a bit dotty when I was obliged to leave him for an appointment with the raccoon and his wife to discuss the menu of my opening dinner, but Cousin Egbert, who had rejoined us, was listening sympathetically.

As I left, the two were pegging it from a bottle of hunting sherry which the Honorable George carried in his dispatch case. I was about to warn him that he would come out spotted, but instantly I saw that there must be an end to such surveillance. I could not manage an enterprise of the magnitude of the United States Grill and yet have an eye to his meat and drink. I resolved to let spots come as they would.

On all hands I was now congratulated by members of the North Side set upon the master stroke I had played in adding the Honorable George to their number. Not only did it promise to reunite certain warring factions in the North Side set itself, but it truly bade fair to disintegrate the Bohemian set. Belknap-Jackson wrung my hand that afternoon, begging me to inform the Honorable George that he would call on the morrow to pay his respects. Mrs. Judge Ballard besought me to engage him for an early dinner, and Mrs. Effie, it is needless to say, after recovering from the shock of his arrival, which she attributed to Cousin Egbert's want of taste, thanked me with a wealth of genuine emotion.

Only by slight degrees, then, did it fail to be noticed that the Honorable George did not hold himself to be too strictly bound by our social conventions as to whom one should be pally with. Thus, on the morrow at the hour when the Belknap-Jacksons called, he was regrettably absent on what Cousin Egbert called a hack ride with the driver person he had met the day before, nor did they return until after the callers had waited the better part of two hours. Cousin Egbert as usual received the blame for this, yet neither of the Belknap-Jacksons nor Mrs. Effie dared to upbraid him.

Being presented to the callers, I am bound to say that the Honorable George showed himself to be immensely impressed by Belknap-Jackson, whom I had never beheld more perfectly vogue in all his appointments. He became in fact rather moody in the presence of this subtle niceness of detail, being made conscious, I dare say, of his own rather sloppy lounge suit, rumpled cravat and shocking boots; and despite Belknap-Jackson's amiable efforts to draw him into talk about hunting in the shires and our county society at home, I began to fear that they would not hit it off together.

The Honorable George did, however, consent to drive with his caller the following day, and I relied upon the tandem to recall him to his better self. But when the Belknap-Jacksons had departed he became quite almost plaintive to me:

"I say, you know, I shan't be wanted to pal up much with that chap, shall I? I mean to say he wears so many clothes. They make me writhe as if I wore them myself. It won't do, you know."

I told him very firmly that this was quite of the most wretched sort, that his caller wore but the prescribed number of garments, each vogue to the last note, and that he was a person whom one must know. He responded pettishly that he vastly preferred the gentleman driver with whom he had spent the afternoon, and Sour-Dough, as he was now calling Cousin Egbert.

"Jolly chaps, with no swank," he insisted. "We drove quite almost everywhere—water-works, cemetery, sash-and-blind factory. You know I thought blind factory was some of their bally American slang for the shop of a chap who made eyeglasses and that sort of thing, but nothing of the kind. They saw timbers there quite all over the place and nail them up again into articles. It's all quite foreign."

Nor was his account of his drive with Belknap-Jackson the following day a bit more reassuring: "He wouldn't stop again at the blind factory, where I wished to see the timbers being sawed and nailed, but drove me to a country club which was not in the country and wasn't a club; not a human there, not even a barman. Fancy a club of that sort! But he took me to his own house for a glass of sherry and a biscuit and there it wasn't so rotten. Rather a mother-in-law I think she is—bally old booming grenadier—topping sort—no end of fun. We palled up immensely, and I quite forgot the Jackson chap till it was time for him to drive me back to these diggings. Rather sulky he was, I fancy—uppish sort. Told him the old one was quite like old Caroline, Dowager Duchess of Clewe, but couldn't tell if it pleased him. Seemed to like it and seemed not to—rather uncertain.

"Asked him why the people of the settlement pronounced his name Belknap-hyphen-Jackson, and that seemed to make him snarky again. I mean to say names with hyphen marks in 'em—I'd never heard the hyphen pronounced before, but everything is so strange. He said only the lowest classes did it as a form of coarse wit, and that he was wasting himself here. Wouldn't stay another day if it were not for family reasons. Queer sort of wheeze to say hyphen in a chap's name, as if it were a word when it wasn't at all. The old girl, though—bellower she is—perfectly top hole; familiar with cattle—all that sort of thing. Sent away the chap's sherry and had 'em bring whisky and soda. The hyphen chap fidgeted a good bit—nervous sort, I take it. Looked through a score of magazines, I dare say, when he found we didn't notice him much; turned the leaves too fast to see anything, though; made noises and coughed—that sort of thing. Fine old girl. Daughter, hyphen chap's wife, tried to talk, too; some rot about the season being well on here, and was there a good deal of society in London, and would I be free for dinner on the ninth?

"Silly chatter! Old girl talked sense; cattle, mines, timber, blind factory, two-year-olds, that kind of thing. Shall see her often. Not the hyphen chap though; too much like one of those Bond Street milliner chap managers."

Vague misgivings here beset me as to the value of the Honorable George to the North Side set. Nor could I feel at all reassured on the following day when Mrs. Effie held an afternoon reception in his honor. That he should be unaware of the event's importance was to be expected, for as yet I had been unable to get him to take the Red Gap social crisis seriously. At the hour when he should have been dressed and ready I found him playing at cribbage with Cousin Egbert in the latter's apartment, and to my dismay he insisted upon finishing the rubber, although guests were already arriving.

Even when the game was done he flatly refused to dress suitably, declaring that his lounge suit should be entirely acceptable to these frontier people, and he consented to go down at all only on condition that Cousin Egbert would accompany him. Thereafter for an hour the two of them drank tea uncomfortably as often as it was given them, and while the Honorable George undoubtedly made his impression, I could but regret that he had so few conversational graces.

How different, I reflected, had been my own entrée into this county society! As well as I might I again carried off the day for the Honorable George, endeavoring from time to time to put him at his ease, yet he breathed an unfeigned sigh of relief when the last guest had left and he could resume his cribbage with Cousin Egbert. But he had received one impression of which I was glad, an impression of my own altered social quality, for I had graced the occasion with an urbanity which was as far beyond him as it must have been astonishing.

It was now that he began to take seriously what I had told him of my business enterprise, so many of the guests having mentioned it to him in terms of the utmost enthusiasm. After my first account to him he had persisted in referring to it as a tuck-shop, a sort of place where schoolboys would exchange their halfpence for toffy, sweet-cakes and marbles. Now he demanded to be shown the premises and was at once

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duly impressed both with their quiet elegance and my own business acumen. How it had all come about, and why I should be addressed as Colonel Ruggles and treated as a person of some importance in the community, I dare say he has never comprehended to this day.

As I had planned to do, I later endeavored to explain to him that in North America persons were almost quite equal to one another—being born so—but at this he told me not to be silly and continued to regard my rise as an insolvable part of the strangeness he everywhere encountered, even after I added that Demosthenes was the son of a cutler, that Cardinal Wolsey's father had been a pork butcher, and that Garfield had worked on a canal-boat. I found him quite hopeless.

"Chaps go dotty talkin' that piffle," was his comment.

At another time I dare say I should have been rather distressed over this inability of the Honorable George to comprehend and adapt himself to the peculiarities of American life as readily as I had done, but just now I was quite too taken up with the details of my opening to give it the deeper consideration it deserved. In fact, there were moments when I confessed to myself that I did not care tuppence about it, such was the strain upon my executive faculties. When decorators and furnishers had done their work, when the choice carpet was laid, when the kitchen and table equipments were completed to the last detail and when the lighting was artistically correct, there was still the matter of service.

As to this I conceived and carried out what I fancy was rather a brilliant stroke, which was nothing less than to eliminate the fellow, Hobbs, as a social factor of even the Bohemian set. In contracting with him for my bread and rolls I took an early opportunity of setting the chap in his place. It was not difficult to do when he had observed the splendid scale on which I was operating. At our second interview he was removing his hat and addressing me as "Sir."

While I have found that I can quite gracefully place myself on a level with the middle-class American, there is a serving type of our own people to which I shall eternally feel superior; the Hobbs chap was of this sort, having undeniably the soul of a lackey. In addition to jobbing his bread and rolls, I engaged him as pantry man and took on such members of his numerous family as were competent. His wife was to assist my raccoon cook in the kitchen. Three of his sons were to serve as waiters, and his youngest, a lad in his teens, I installed as *vestiaire*, garbing him in a smart uniform and posting him to relieve my gentleman patrons of their hats and topcoats. A daughter was similarly installed as maid; and the two achieved an effect of smartness unprecedented in Red Gap—an effect to which I am glad to say that the community responded instantly.

In other establishments it was the custom for patrons to hang their garments on hat pegs, often under printed warnings that the proprietor would disclaim responsibility in case of loss. In the one known as Bert's Place, indeed, the warning was positively vulgar: Watch Your Overcoat. Of course that sort of coarseness would have been impossible in my own place.

As another important detail I had taken over from Mrs. Judson her stock of jellies and compotes, which I had found to be of a most excellent character, and had ordered as much more as she could manage to produce, together with cut flowers from her garden for my tables. She herself, being a young woman of the most pleasing capabilities, had done a bit of charring for me and was now to be in charge of the glassware, linen and silver. I had found her, indeed, highly sympathetic with my highest aims, and not a few of her suggestions as to management proved to be entirely sound. Her unspeakable dog continued his quite objectionable advances to me at every opportunity, in spite of my hitting him about rather, when I could do so unobserved; but the sinister interpretation that might be placed upon this by the baser minded was now happily answered by the circumstance of her being in my employ. Her child, I regret to say, was still grossly overfed, seldom having his face free from jam or other smears. It persisted, moreover, in twisting my name into Ruggums, which I found not a little embarrassing.

So the night of my opening found me calmly awaiting the triumph that was due me. As some one has said of Napoleon, I had won my battle in my tent before the

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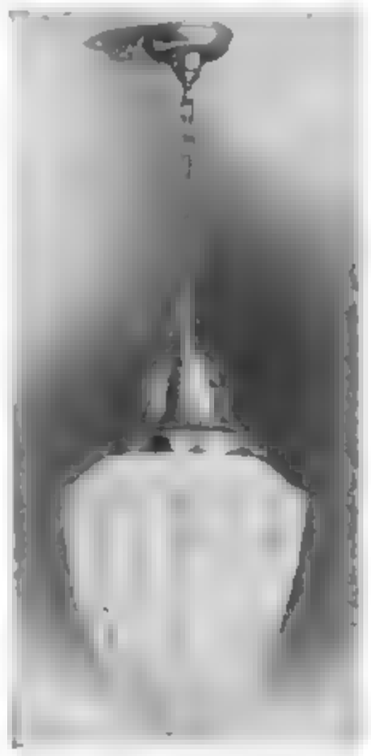

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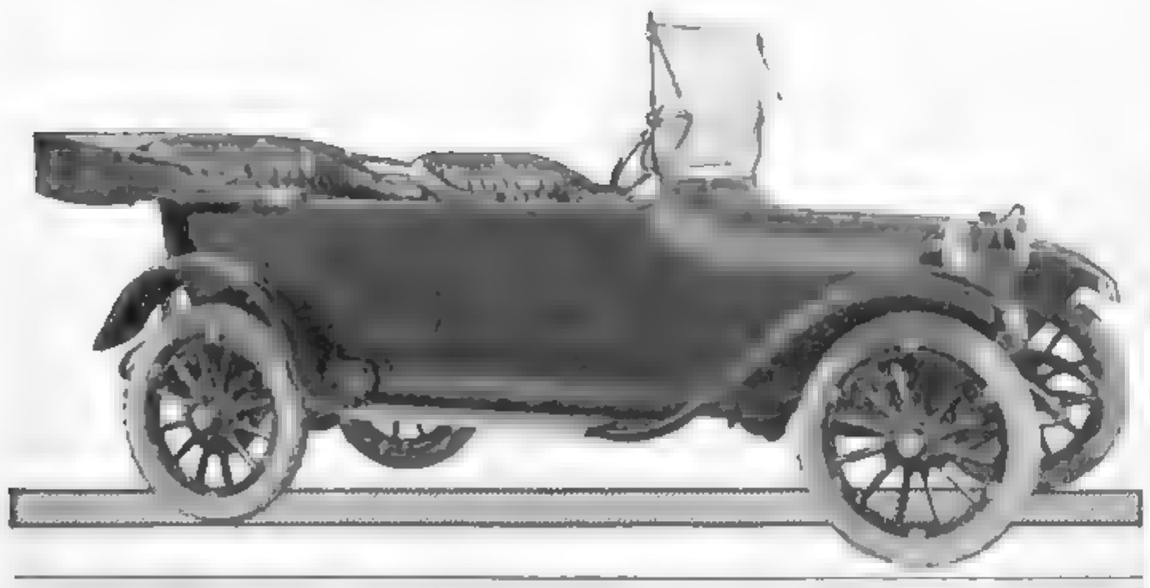

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firing of a single shot. I mean to say I had looked conscientiously after details, even to assuring myself that Cousin Egbert and the Honorable George would appear in evening dress; my last act having been to coerce each of them into purchasing varnished boots, the former submitting meekly enough, though the Honorable George insisted it was a silly fuss.

At seven o'clock, having devoted a final inspection to the kitchen, where the female raccoon was well on with the dinner, and having noted that the members of my staff were in their places, I gave a last pleased survey of my dining room with its smartly equipped tables, flower bedecked, gleaming in the softened light from my shaded candlesticks. Truly it was a scene of refined elegance such as Red Gap had never before witnessed within its own confines, and I had seen to it that the dinner as well would mark an epoch in the lives of these simple but worthy people.

Not a heavy nor a cloying repast would they find. Indeed the bare simplicity of my menu, had it been previously disclosed, would doubtless have disappointed more than one of my dinner-giving patronesses; but each item had been perfected to an extent never achieved by them. Their weakness had ever been to serve a profusion of neutral dishes, pleasing enough to the eye but unedifying except as a spectacle. I mean to say as food it was noncommittal; it failed to intrigue.

I would serve a thin soup, a fish, small birds, two vegetables, a salad, a sweet and a savory, but each item would prove worthy of the profoundest consideration. In the matter of thin soups, for example, the local practice was to serve a fluid of which—beyond the circumstance that it was warmish and slightly tinted—nothing of interest could ever be ascertained. My own thin soup would be a revelation to them. Again, in the matter of fish: this course with the hostesses of Red Gap had seemed to be merely an excuse for a pause. I had truly sympathized with Cousin Egbert's bitter complaint: "They hand you a dab of something about the size of a watch-charm with two strings of potato."

For the first time, then, the fish course in Red Gap was to be an event—an abundant portion of native fish with a lobster sauce which I had carried out to its highest power.

My birds, hot from the oven, would be food in the strictest sense of the word, my vegetables cooked with a zealous attention and my sweet immensely appealing without being pretentiously spectacular. And—for what I believed to be quite the first time in the town—good coffee would be served. Disheartening indeed had been the various attenuations of coffee which had been imposed upon me in my brief career as a diner-out among these people. Not one among them had possessed the genius to master an acceptable decoction of the berry, the bald simplicity of the correct formula being doubtless incredible to them.

The blare of a motor horn aroused me from this musing, and from that moment I had little time for meditation until the evening, as the Recorder put it the next morning, had gone down into history. My patrons arrived in groups, couples or singly, almost faster than I could seat them. The Hobbs lad as *vestiaire* would halt them for hats and wraps, during which pause they would emit subdued cries of surprise and delight at my beautifully toned *ensemble*, after which, as they walked to their tables, it was not difficult to see that they were properly impressed.

Mrs. Effie, escorted by the Honorable George and Cousin Egbert, the Senator being absent from town at a sitting of the House, was among the early arrivals. These were quickly followed by the Belknap-Jacksons, and the Mixer, resplendent in purple satin and diamonds; all being at one of my large tables, so that the Honorable George sat between Mrs. Belknap-Jackson and Mrs. Effie, though he at first made a somewhat undignified essay to seat himself next the Mixer. Needless to say, all were in evening dress, though the Honorable George had fumbled grossly with his cravat and rumpled his shirt, nor had he submitted to having his beard trimmed, as I had warned him to do. As for Belknap-Jackson, I had never beheld him more truly vogue in every detail and his slightly austere manner in any Red Gap gathering had never set him better. Both Mrs. Belknap-Jackson and Mrs. Effie wielded their lorgnons upon the later comers, thus giving their table quite an air.

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Ask *your* oculist, optometrist or optician—he knows.

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ROANOKE CYCLE COMPANY, Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. Judge Ballard, who had come to be one of my stanchest adherents, occupied an adjacent table with her family party and two or three of the younger dancing set. The Indian, Tuttle, with his wife and two daughters, were also among the early comers, and I could not but marvel anew at the red man's histrionic powers. In almost quite correct evening attire and entirely decorous in speech and gesture, he might readily have been thought some one that mattered had he not at an early opportunity caught my eye and winked with a sly significance.

Quite almost every one of the North Side set was present, imparting to my room a general air of distinguished smartness; and in addition there were not a few of what Belknap-Jackson had called the rabble, persons of no social value to be sure, but honest, well-mannered folk—small tradesmen, shop-assistants, and the like. These plain people I may say I took especial pains to welcome and put at their ease, for I had resolved in effect to be one of them, after the manner prescribed by their Declaration thing.

With quite all of them I chatted easily a moment or two, expressing the hope that they would be well pleased with their entertainment. I noted while thus engaged that Belknap-Jackson eyed me with frank and superior cynicism, but this affected me quite not at all and I took pains to point my indifference, chatting with increased urbanity with the two cow persons, Hank and Buck, who had entered rather uncertainly, not in evening dress to be sure, but in decent black as befitted their stations. When I had prevailed upon them to surrender their hats to the *vestiaire* and had seated them at a table for two, they informed me in hoarse undertones that they were prepared to put a bet down on every card from soda to hock, so that I at first suspected they had thought me conducting a gaming establishment, but ultimately gathered that they were merely expressing a cordial determination to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

There then entered, somewhat to my uneasiness, the Klondike woman and her party. Being almost the last, it will be understood that they created no little sensation as she led them down the thronged room to her table. She was wearing an evening gown of lustrous black with the apparently simple lines that are so baffling to any but the expert maker, with a black picture hat that suited her no end. I saw more than one matron of the North Side set stiffen in her seat, while Mrs. Belknap-Jackson and Mrs. Effie turned upon her the chilling broadside of their lorgnons. Belknap-Jackson merely drew himself up austerely. The three other women of her party, flutterers rather, did little but set off their hostess. The four men were of a youngish sort, chaps in banks, chemists' assistants, that sort of thing, who were constantly to be seen in her train, they being especially reprobated by the matrons of the correct set by reason of their deliberately choosing to ally themselves with the Bohemian set.

Acutely feeling the antagonism aroused by this group, I was momentarily discouraged in a design I had half formed of using my undoubted influence to unite the warring social factions of Red Gap, even as Bismarck had once brought the warring Prussian states together in a federated Germany. I began to see that the Klondike woman would forever prove unacceptable to the North Side set. The cliques would unite against her, even if one should find in her a spirit of reconciliation, which I supremely doubted.

The bustle having in a measure subsided I gave orders for the soup to be served, at the same time turning the current into the electric pianoforte. I had wished for this opening number something attractive yet dignified, which would in a manner of speaking symbolize an occasion to me at least highly momentous. To this end I had chosen Handel's celebrated Largo, and at the first strains of this highly meritorious composition I knew that I had chosen surely. I am sure the piece was indelibly engraved upon the minds of those many dinner givers, who were for the first time in their lives realizing that a thin soup may be made a thing to take seriously.

Nominally I occupied a seat at the table with the Belknap-Jacksons and Mrs. Effie, though I apprehended having to be more or less up and down in the direction of my staff. Having now seated myself to soup, I was for the first time made aware of the

(Continued on Page 37)

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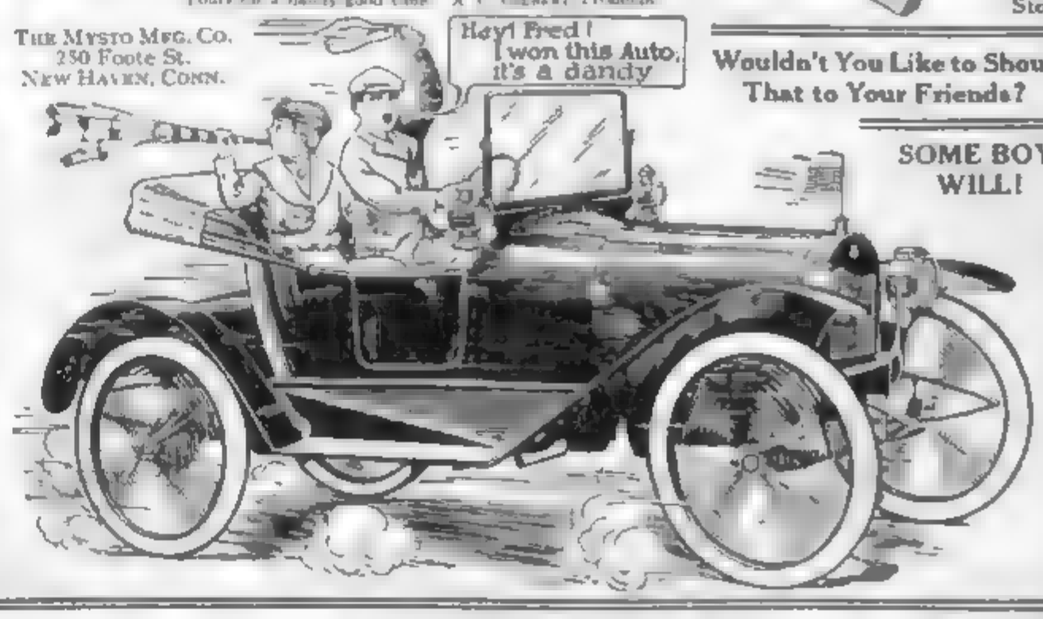

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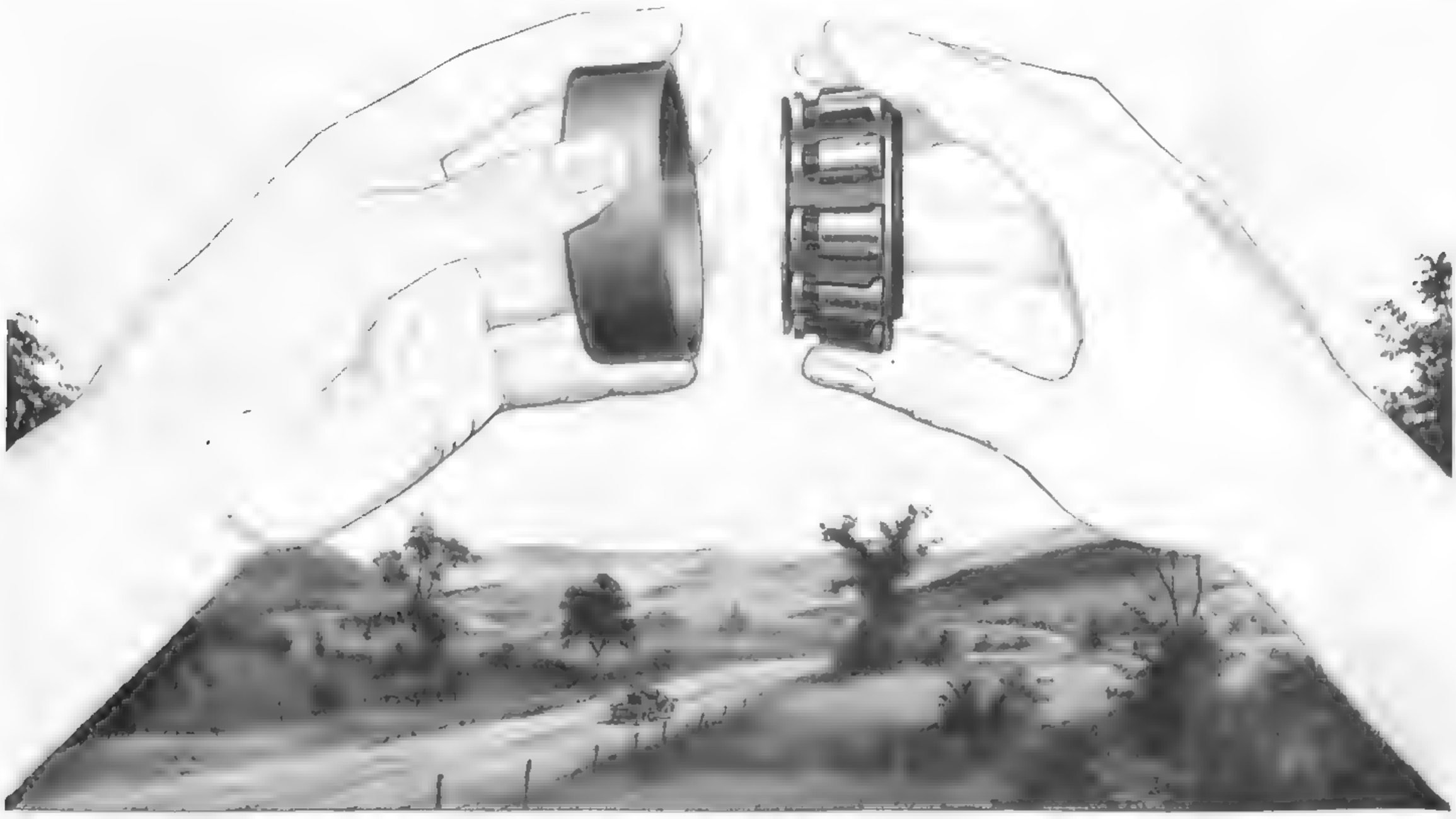

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J. C. Hoetger, Superintendent of Transmission of the Eastern Michigan Edison Company, with headquarters at Detroit, put the fourteen Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in his car through this three year test over the rough country roads of Wayne, Macomb, Oakland and Washtenaw Counties.

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You can see how important it is to you to have adjustable bearings in your car if it is to render the same perfect service after thousands of miles of hard use.

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

TIMKEN
TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 35)

curious behavior of the Honorable George. Disregarding his own soup, which was of itself unusual with him, he was staring straight ahead with a curious intensity. A half turn of my head was enough: he sat facing the Klondike woman. As I again turned a bit I saw that, under cover of her animated converse with her table companions, she was at intervals allowing her very effective eyes to rest, as if absently, upon the Honorable George. I may say now that a curious chill seized me, bringing with it a sudden psychic warning that all was not going to be as it should be. Some calamity impended.

The man was quite apparently fascinated, staring with a fixed, hypnotic intensity that had already been noted by his companions on either side.

With a word about the soup shot quickly and directly at him I managed to divert his gaze, but his eyes had returned even before the spoon had gone once to his lips. The second time there was a soup stain upon his already rumpled shirt front. Presently it became only too horribly certain that the man was out of himself, for when the fish course was served he remained serenely unconscious that none of the delicious lobster sauce accompanied his own portion.

It was a rich sauce, and the almost immediate effect of shellfish upon his complexion being only too well known to me, I had directed that his fish should be served without it, though I had fully expected him to row me for it and perhaps create a scene. The circumstance of his blindly attacking the unsauced fish was eloquent indeed.

The Belknap-Jacksons and Mrs. Effie were now plainly alarmed and somewhat feverishly sought to engage his attention, with the result only that he snapped monosyllables at them without removing his gaze from its mark. And the woman was now too obviously pluming herself upon the effect she had achieved; upon us all she flashed an amused consciousness of her power, yet with a fine affectation of quite ignoring us.

I was here obliged to leave the table to oversee the serving of the wine, returning after an interval to find the situation unchanged, save that the woman no longer glanced at the Honorable George. Such were her tactics. Having enmeshed him, she confidently left him to complete his own undoing.

"Of course in public places one must expect to come into contact with persons of that sort," remarked Mrs. Effie.

"Something should be done about it," observed Mrs. Belknap-Jackson, and they both murmured "Creature," though it was plain that the Honorable George had little notion to whom they referred. Observing, however, that the woman no longer glanced at him he fell to his bird somewhat wholeheartedly, as indeed did all my guests.

From every side I could hear eager approval of the repast, which was now being supplemented at most of the tables by a sound wine of the Burgundy type that I had recommended, or by a dry champagne. Meantime the electric pianoforte played steadily through a repertoire that had progressed from the Largo to more vivacious pieces of the American folk-dance school. As was said in the press the following day: "Gayety and good feeling reigned supreme and one and all felt that it was indeed good to be there."

Through the sweet and the savory the dinner progressed, the latter proving to be a novelty that the hostesses of Red Gap thereafter slavishly copied, and with the advent of the coffee ensued a noticeable relaxation.

People began to visit one another's tables and there was a blithe undercurrent of praise for my efforts to smarten the town's public dining.

The Klondike woman, I fancy, was the first to light a cigarette, though quickly followed by the ladies of her party. Mrs. Belknap-Jackson and Mrs. Effie after a period of futile glaring at her through the lorgnons seemed to make their resolves simultaneously, and forthwith themselves lighted cigarettes.

"Of course it's done in the smart English restaurants," murmured Belknap-Jackson as he assisted the ladies to their lights. Thereupon Mrs. Judge Ballard, farther down the room, began to smoke what I believe was her first cigarette, which proved to be a signal for other ladies of the Onwards and Upwards Society to do the same, Mrs. Ballard being their president.

The Honorable George, I regret to say, produced a smelly pipe which he would have lighted; but at a shocked and cold glance from me he put it by.

Cousin Egbert had been excitedly happy throughout the meal and now paid me a quaint compliment upon the food. "Some eats, Bill!" he called to me. "I got to hand it to you," though what precisely it was he wished to hand me I never ascertained, for the Mixer at that moment claimed my attention with a compliment of her own. "That," said she, "is the only dinner I've eaten for a long time that was composed entirely of food."

This hour succeeding the repast I found quite entirely agreeable, more than one person that mattered assuring me that I had assisted Red Gap to a notable advance in the finest and correctest sense of the word, and it was with a very definite regret that I beheld my guests departing. Returning to our table from a group of these who had called me to make their adieus I saw that a most regrettable incident had occurred nothing less than the formal presentation of the Honorable George to the Klondike woman.

"Everything is so strange here," I heard him saying as I passed their table, and the woman echoed "Everything!" while her glance enveloped him with a curious effect of appraisal. The others of her party were making much of him I could see, quite as if they had preposterous designs of wresting him from the North Side set to be one of themselves. Mrs. Belknap-Jackson and Mrs. Effie affected to ignore this meeting. Belknap-Jackson stared into vacancy with a quite shocked expression as if vandals had desecrated an altar in his presence. Cousin Egbert having drawn off one of his newly purchased boots during the dinner was now replacing it with audible groans, but I caught his joyous comment a moment later, "Didn't I tell you the judge was some mixer?"

"Mixing, indeed!" snapped the ladies.

A half hour later the historic evening had come to an end. The last guest had departed, and all my staff, save Mrs. Judson and her male child; and these I begged to escort to their home, since the way was rather far and dark. The child, incautiously left in the kitchen at the mercy of the female black, had with criminal stupidity been stuffed with food, traces of almost every course of the dinner being apparent upon its puffy countenance. Being now in a stupor from overfeeding I was obliged to lug the thing over my shoulder. I resolved to warn the mother at an early opportunity of the perils of an unrestricted diet, although the deluded creature seemed actually to glory in its corpulence.

I discovered when halfway to her residence that the infant was still tightly clutching the gnawed thigh-bone of a fowl which was spotting the shoulder of my smartest topcoat. The mother, however, was so ingenuously delighted with my success and so full of prattle concerning my future triumphs that I forbore to instruct her at this time. I may say that of all my staff she had betrayed the most intelligent understanding of my ideals, and I bade her good night with a strong conviction that she would greatly assist me in the future.

Returning through the town I heard strains of music from the establishment known as Bert's Place, and was shocked on staring through his show window to observe the Honorable George and Cousin Egbert waltzing madly with the cow persons, Hank and Buck, to the strains of a violin. The Honorable George had exchanged his top hat for his partner's cow-person hat, which came down over his ears in a most regrettable manner.

I thought it best not to intrude upon their coarse amusement and went on to the Grill to see that all was safe for the night. Returning from my inspection some half hour later, I came upon the two, Cousin Egbert in the lead, the Honorable George behind him.

They greeted me somewhat boisterously, but I saw that they were now content to return home and to bed. I noticed that they were in their hose, carrying a varnished boot in each hand.

Of the Honorable George, who still wore the cow person's hat, I began now to have the gravest doubt. There had been an evil light in the eyes of the Klondike woman and her Bohemian cohorts as they surveyed him. As he preceded me I heard him murmur ecstatically, "Sush is life!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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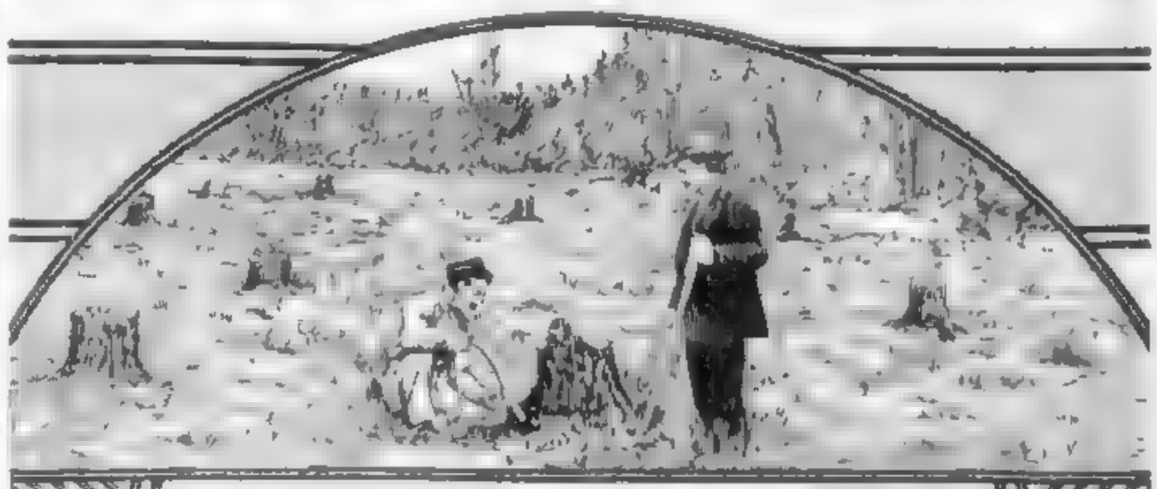

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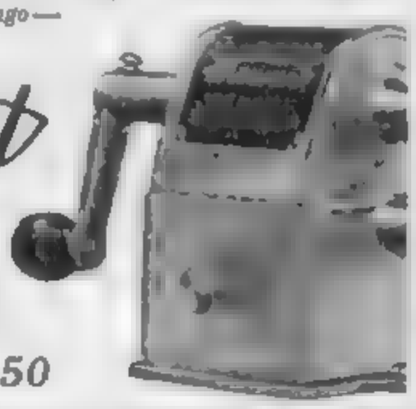

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HIRING

(Concluded from Page 12)

and is not practical for the routine use of the average business; that it will unquestionably make immense strides in the next few years, and that no alert employer of any considerable force of men can afford to ignore it.

"But the main reason," declares this authority, "why so many employers make so high a percentage of mistakes in hiring their help is simply that they are asleep to the real importance of this part of their business. They will dig deep into the merits of a machine or an office system before they reach a decision to install it; but they will hire men—especially their cheaper help—with an offhand indifference that shows their ignorance of the importance of this part of their business. It is a safe bet that any employer who really wakes up to the vital relation between right help, from office boy to superintendent, and the net profits and the expansion of his business, will get improved results from any sensible and definite line of selection, no matter how simple it may be.

"To say that the success of a business is measured by the efficiency of the human being in it is just as much of a truism as to say that a stream of water will not rise any higher than its source; yet there is hardly one employer in ten who has a practical working realization of this fact. So, again, I say the biggest step any man can take in hiring more profitable help is to saturate his whole system with a tingling realization that this is the most important task he can possibly perform.

"This point was driven into me early in my experience by an incident of which I had intimate knowledge. Down East was a small manufacturer who made a certain restricted line of hardware specialties. He was known in the trade as a crank on picking employees. In those days scientific selection was seldom discussed by practical employers and very few of them had even worked out any simple but fixed rules in picking their men. This man, in the beginning at least, had just one advantage over his competitors in this respect—he was alive to the fact that surrounding himself with the right sort of men was the one big problem he must solve. He worked overtime at this job too. It was said of him that he could catch the scent of a good workman or salesman as quickly as a hound could pick up a fresh fox trail."

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"The profits of this factory were so large as to attract the attention of almost everybody in that or allied lines. Competitors seemed unable to make a dent in its dividends or to keep its surplus from swelling. Finally one of the men who had been let out of the sales department by the owner of the business secured an option on the concern and promoted a company with a large capitalization.

"The founder of the enterprise stepped down and out, and the promoter he had once let out became the executive head of the new corporation. He built a new plant that had every available efficiency feature and was relied on to turn out the goods at a much lower cost than the one which had made the founder of the original factory such fat profits. There was one thing, however, left out of the new factory, and that was the 'old man's' tireless eagerness and determination that every employee should be the best man obtainable for the job.

"At the end of five years the man who placed so much more stress on the men he hired than he did on the plant and its equipment bought the business back again at about half what it had cost the shareholders of the new company. It had lost money every year since its founder had ceased to hire the help; but in a few months he had whipped the force into line and had put it 'on the make' again."

This expert is emphatic on the point that the place from which every manufacturer and business man should fill his more important positions is his own organization; that no chief executive is thoroughly awake to the importance of the hiring problem who does not see the big advantage and economy of filling his higher positions with men drawn from the lower places in his own establishment.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles by Forrest Crissey. The second will appear in an early number.

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LAYSAN

(Continued from Page 6)

We have many refuges besides Laysan, and sixty-five are given into the care of the Biological Survey. The only thing that should be accepted from the Biological Survey is an adequate, full and perfect enforcement of the laws given to it to enforce. If the bureau cannot do that, so much the worse for the bureau. Let us wipe it out.

As most of our bird rookeries are in wild and remote places, in country not useful for any form of agriculture or other industrial activity, there has been little opposition to their creation. President Roosevelt established many bird refuges, and there is no reason for feeling that either of his successors has felt in the least inimical to that policy; yet the whole bird-refuge idea is still very young.

It is deplorable that Congressman John F. Lacey, of Iowa, is not alive to-day, so that he might see the good he has done for his own people, and for the wild birds also. He secured the first Federal game law—that regulating the shipment of game—and it was he who, in June, 1906, secured the passage of 34 Stat. 536—which is the legal name of the first bird-refuge law in this Republic.

This act makes it unlawful to kill birds, to take their eggs or willfully to disturb them, in any of the reservations, under a penalty of five hundred dollars fine or imprisonment for six months. The new penal code of March, 1909—just a month before the Laysan massacre—reënacts that law. The poacher who violates these sanctuaries, therefore, assumes a certain risk to-day—or would under any government but ours.

Of bird refuges we have some scores, located in widely scattered parts of the country, especially in the South and West. These refuges—which Government bulletins of 1914 mention as sixty-five in number—are found in a dozen states, from North Dakota to Florida, from Alaska to the Louisiana coast, as well as in many interior states—Montana, Utah, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, Nebraska and Wisconsin. Few of these refuges are large in acreage. In most cases the extent of the refuge is marked "Unknown." The smallest of them is Green Bay Refuge, in Wisconsin—1.87 acres. The largest is Niobrara Refuge, in Nebraska, which has been enlarged to 15,253.7 acres—"approximate area," the careful and exact bureau adds.

Our national parks and monuments are scattered among several different departments at Washington for management. The bird refuges are all under the management of the Biological Survey, one of the bureaus of the Department of Agriculture. The Department of the Interior has more to do with scenery and big game.

More Refuges Needed

The protection of our flag has been given to non-game birds rather than to those useful as food. The Audubon Society has been prominent in attempts to protect song birds, sea birds, other birds that have a non-utilitarian right to life and liberty; and the song and plumage birds have had a large total acreage in refuges set apart for them.

The reserves of the tundra country, between the mouths of the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers; the two larger refuges of Oregon; those on the Gulf Coast; one in North Dakota; one in Nebraska—and perhaps a few others of less importance—cover fairly well the considerable refuges devoted to the preservation of sporting birds. It is not fitting, therefore, for our sportsmen to sit back in the belief that Uncle Sam has provided abundant breeding grounds for wild fowl. Such is not the case.

Now and then large tracts have been given to the National Government or a state government by private parties. One of these, the Marsh Island Preserve, on the Louisiana coast, was made possible by the generosity of Mrs. Russell Sage, on the initiative of one or two gentlemen of large means and large hearts, who saw the advantage of preserving some of the winter feeding grounds of the wild fowl as well as the Northern breeding grounds. One or more other wealthy Eastern men since then have established large refuges in the same region.

There are also on the Gulf Coast one or two large state reserves on the winter feeding grounds, as well as one or more private refuges, which are shot over little or not at all. Moreover, there has been inaugurated, with partial success, a movement among the larger duck clubs all along the Mississippi Valley to extend the refuge idea, and to set apart as a sanctuary a part of the acreage of each club preserve. As a matter of fact, national refuges ought to be extended to cover all the great assembling grounds of fowl, whether for breeding or feeding purposes. A proper Government commission ought to be appointed to look into this question of larger refuges and more of them.

Practical acquaintance with the habits of migratory game birds would indicate that they are quite as helpless on their winter feeding grounds as in their Northern habitat, to which they resort to nest. On the Gulf Coast and on all the great Southern marshes the ducks assemble in vast flocks and attract attention to themselves by their very numbers. On the contrary, the habit of wild fowl in the breeding season is to resort to little-visited regions, where they scatter themselves rather widely and lie very close until the young are able to fly. They are, by habit and by Nature, better protected in the breeding season than at any other time.

Indian Duck-Hunters

The question of the use of duck eggs by natives in the Far North was one against which much outcry was made by the sportsmen of America, who wanted to find some reason outside of themselves for the disappearance of our wild fowl. There is truth in the statement that the Northern Indians do use duck eggs; you can see them going out to the marshes in their canoes, hunting for eggs and young ducks. But that is a rigorous country and the natives are not numerous. They do not get very many thousands of eggs in the course of a year. Even if they did they would have a better right to them in that starving country than our American sportsmen, with their automobiles and automatics, have to the birds themselves after they have come South.

Our Indians wore eagle plumes in their hair; but they did not exterminate the eagle. The white plumage hunter would be the man for that; and it would be he who would cry out against the awful crime of an Indian's eagle headdress.

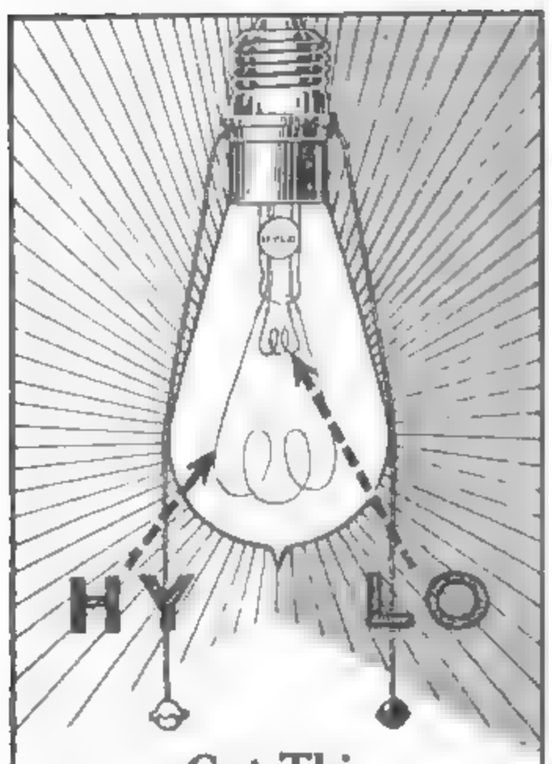
Along the Alaska coast, where a number of smaller refuges have been established for the protection of sea birds, coastwise hunting or fishing schooners sometimes use a few gull eggs; and so do the natives—not enough, however, to make a serious depletion of the number of birds. I have known white sportsmen on the Alaska Peninsula to insure the freshness of mallard eggs by the expedient of kicking away, from quite a bit of country, all the eggs found. The next day or so the ducks would lay fresh ones in the marked territory. A hundred young were sacrificed for one fresh egg.

All these sources of depletion of the duck supply make up the drops in the total bucket.

The great cause of the lessening numbers of wild fowl, however, is the decrease in their feeding grounds and the increase in white hunters and in hunting appliances. Against these agencies a wide extension of the refuge idea, North and South, on the breeding grounds and feeding grounds, is almost the one remedy worth regarding with much hopefulness.

In Oregon the two great refuges, Malheur and Klamath, protect thousands and thousands of breeding wild fowl—ducks and geese and other species. Here are vast expanses of tules adjacent to large bodies of shallow water, with plenty of grass land dry enough for nesting, and plenty of marsh wet enough for feeding. Ducks and geese have always nested there in large numbers. The game warden of that state thinks that much of the fowl supply of Southern California is raised in Oregon. Additions to the Pacific Coast winter supply no doubt come from the mouth of the Yukon and other Northern breeding grounds of large extent.

I have not personally seen the Yukon Delta, never having gone down that river below the mouth of the Porcupine. At that part of its course it is much broken by willow-covered islands, which do not appear to be ideal breeding grounds. Scattered here and there across that wild tundra country, however, over hundreds of miles of little-known ground, there are wet sloughs and grassy creeks and grass-lined lakes, which contribute their quota to the general supply of the southbound birds each autumn.



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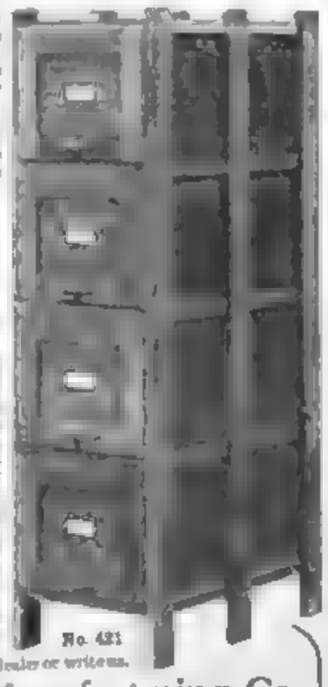

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It would be difficult for any government to establish an intelligent refuge in that country, except by the use of sweeping lines of latitude and longitude. Our greater concern is with breeding or feeding countries nearer home, or with those accessible Northern regions such as the Yukon Delta, which poachers can reach directly by boat or other practicable means of transportation. The wild countries, where only native populations live, unvisited by many whites, need no meddling care and will look out for themselves. Red savages do not destroy the game—white savages do that.

Many ducks formerly bred each year in Dakota, but the automatic and the automobile and the railroad and the plow have played havoc there. There was a chain of lakes twenty-odd miles from Dawson, North Dakota, where originally there existed what was widely known as the Chase Pass, as famous at the time I saw it as once had been the old Kandiyohi Pass, in Minnesota. Here two long and shallow lakes were separated by a low-lying ridge, which was crossed by every flock of birds trading between those two waters.

Those lakes at that time were full of birds which had spent the summer there, nested there and raised their broods. They would fly up by thousands at a time. It was most wise to establish a bird refuge there. As much should be done for almost every such extensive system of accessible breeding waters.

In many other regions like that of North Dakota say, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Minnesota—thousands of birds breed where it would be difficult to establish any large refuge. I have driven across Saskatchewan and Alberta, and in one day in the late summer season have seen perhaps fifty lakes and ponds covered with young ducks; yet not one of those ponds was large enough to be made into a game refuge, either by the provincial government or the Dominion Government, though the total output of those little lakes would have a very large bearing on the autumn flight.

Wild Creatures at Home

Round many of the larger lakes of Western Canada, however, a series of intelligent and well-handled game refuges has been established. We ought to adopt that policy in the United States; and we ought to have a hard-and-fast treaty with Canada as to the dates for shooting wild fowl. What about that treaty? Was it pigeonholed by our worthy Biological Survey? Is it shelved by the European war?

Obviously the rarity of any vast breeding grounds suitable for national refuges brings up the question of handling these smaller breeding grounds. The extension of sporting clubs over the best of the smaller lakes and marshes gives the answer in part. It will be a much better answer when each of those clubs shall set aside a certain percentage of its acreage as a perpetual sanctuary at all seasons of the year. The clubs of the Illinois River Valley are beginning this practice.

There is another remedy, lower down in scale than the foregoing—smaller than the nation, the state or the sporting club—and that is the individual shooter. We can make our own game laws. In my own case—merely as an instance—though there was no law compelling me to do so, I laid aside my gun in the spring more than twenty years ago and have not shot even a jacksnipe in the springtime since then. Also, I set my own bag limit years ago at twenty-five birds of any sort, no matter how many the law allowed.

I do not mention these things in any way boastfully, but simply because it seemed consistent and desirable for me to do these things. You may do as much yourself; and as a member of your club you may set on foot the movement to use part of the club preserve as a perpetual sanctuary.

It is a curious and beautiful sight to see wild creatures at home, making their living in their own way. In some of our great refuges, such as Yellowstone Park, you may have your only remaining opportunity to study wild big game. More than one naturalist has made quite a reputation out of the bears that live round the garbage heaps in that park.

You yourself may see the fearlessness shown by the shyest of wild animals when they know they are safe. It is a curious thing to see a wild moose cow and her calf so close to you that you have to back off to photograph them in good focus, as I once

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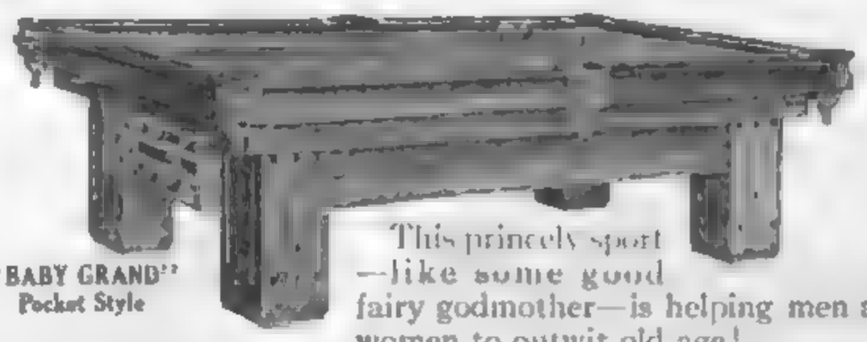

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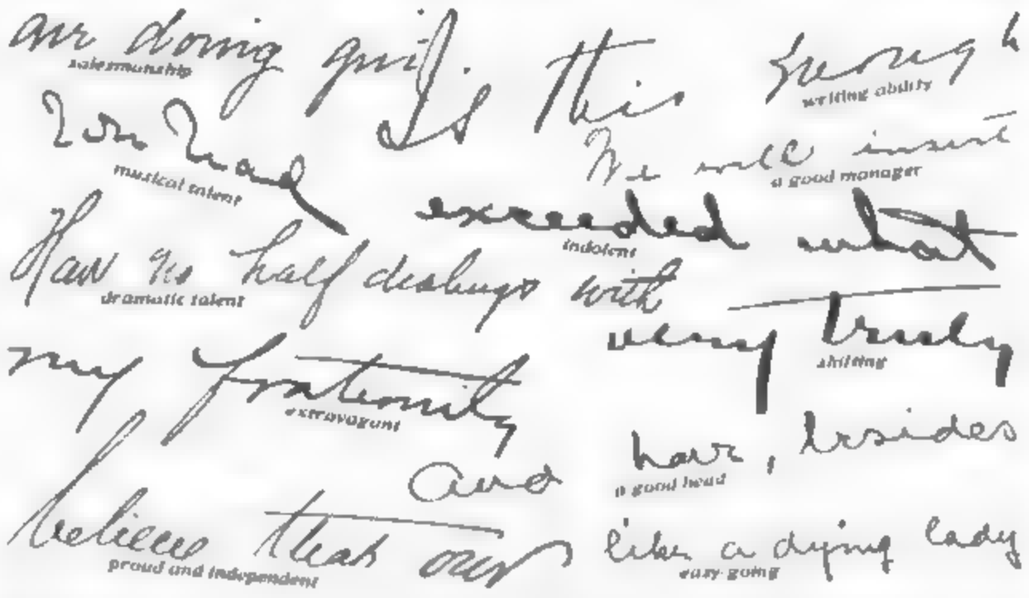

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did in Banff Park, in Canada. You could not often do that anywhere but in a game refuge. It is there alone that we get good ideas of the real wild creatures, in which our interest is always so selfish and often so ignorant.

We see the wild ducks coming down in the autumn in wisps and strings and blankets, and we do not stop to think where they come from, or how much they already have been through in the inescapable fight for life. We watch their vague, smokelike clouds darken and thicken and grow, and all we think of is how to get them. We read most eagerly hints and points on how to kill game in the quickest, easiest way; how to find it most readily—how to get at it.

Our sporting journals are devoted to the promulgation of knowledge of methods of killing things quickly and easily, and in large numbers. We do not customarily stop to study the long flight of the wild fowl or their ways of life during the time when we do not see them; yet all the time their life is interesting and beautiful. Let us turn more to studying life—less to studying death. Let us, indeed, employ the constructive, not the destructive, imagination. Let us put a real end to this horrible generation of waste and greed, which has ruined America so swiftly, so oversoon.

Living Things Better Than Dead

Seen close at hand, the phenomena of life among wild animals are intimate and attractive—they are good tourist features; they bring travel; they are worth money to a country. I have had occasion elsewhere to say that in Yellowstone Park the attractions are: first, Old Faithful Geyser; second, the wild bears; third, the Cañon of the Yellowstone. You will hear more talk about the bears than about the Cañon at the Cañon Hotel. Who loves a dead picture? Why does a painter put an animal in any mountain landscape he hopes to sell? It is action we want; life that we demand!

With madam—my wife—I traveled through hundreds of miles of scenic wonders last summer. Madam became callous. It took a large mountain to jostle her at all. Yet one day when we stopped our car at a bridge across a little mountain stream on the edge of Glacier Park something happened that brought from her more excited exclamations than anything else we saw all summer. A mother mallard came out of the brush about ten yards from us, followed by a full brood of her young, full-feathered and practically full-grown. Like a great brown snake they swam off rapidly down the stream, closely packed—ten of them—their bright eyes gleaming, their long necks stretched up, every beautiful feather in their bodies plainly visible.

It is not often that you get so close to wild mallards and see the actual expression of their natures. This woman who saw them had never killed anything in all her life, nor wished to do so; yet she did not cease her exclamations of wonder and delight, even after the birds had disappeared.

The intimate charm of actual wild creatures seen thus close at hand is something indescribable. Life, action, hope, continuance, the future—those are the foundations under our bird refuges. Do you want a picture of America dead and barren altogether? Do you want her hills as stripped and life-lacking as those of Italy or China? As our bird refuges deal for the most part with uninhabitable and useless regions, there heretofore has been little opposition to their creation.

There are all sorts of scattered nooks and corners of our country that, under one enactment or another, by one arm or another of national or state government, serve to protect one or more species of our wild birds. Even the Biological Survey, at Washington, admits that the number of reservations for the protection of wild life is somewhat indefinite. It gives the total number of effective game and bird reserves as ninety-five, scattered in twenty-six states and territories. What is most interesting to us is the fact that we have less than five million acres set aside in the ten national and five military parks which embrace our largest sanctuaries. Canada has five thousand square miles in one park!

The distribution of labor among the different departments caring for our birds and game has been most painstakingly impartial. Fifty-six of the reservations come under the watchfully waiting eye of Mr. Houston, of the Department of Agriculture, who also guards with watchful, waiting eye the song and insectivorous birds, on the prosperity of which the welfare of our farmers so absolutely depends.

Not all the labor of protection, however, falls on Mr. Houston alone; he is not the sole bulwark of our birds. Mr. Lane, of the Interior Department, has twelve reservations—and big ones. The Department of Commerce and Labor was not to be overlooked, and it has nine reservations to supervise—just which ones they are I could not tell without the bureaucratic assistance of Washington itself.

The War Department was given five reserves to defend to the last ditch. Lest that should cause the Navy Department to feel jealous, this latter was given one reservation to protect with its none too abundant big guns. What it is or where it is, you can search me—or Washington—to find out.

The Smithsonian Institution—which, to be sure, is not a biological bureau, but which resembles one in its vast collection of stuffed things—has one reserve to handle. The home of our Government, the District of Columbia, also has one. No American stranger should leave our capital city without taking home a park, a monument or a refuge to protect.

In short, our system of game refuges is quite as badly muddled as our system of national monuments and national parks, the two overlapping in handsomely scrambled fashion.

It is hardly fair to blame our Government for failure to reach Laysan Island before the poachers did, for Laysan lies in the middle of the Pacific Ocean and is approachable from Asia as well as from the United States; and, moreover, our revenue cutter Thetis did reach Laysan in time to take the poachers if not to save the birds.

As to our refuges closer at home, however, certainly we can extend them and certainly we can protect them if we like.

A large percentage of our lawmakers who go to Washington, as well as a large percentage of the department heads at Washington, are lawyers, who know little and care little about wild countries or wild things. Some constituent or some scientific body wants a bird refuge established. Very well; provided there is no chance of its raising any trouble among one's lumber, water-power or guano constituency—very well indeed, if it is in the district of some other member. The refuge is created and referred to some bureau. That ends the matter.

The Lesson of Laysan

If we had a dozen Laysans lying along the Atlantic seaboard, and no better protection than we now have for our refuges, I venture to say poachers could come from the other side of the Atlantic and kill three-quarters of the birds in every one of them before any arm of this Government would or could prevent it. No country in the world is so loose and lax as ours in its methods of caring for the valuable wild country, wild resources and wild life that remain in it. Yet we call ourselves a business people!

After many years spent in study of our wild game and the conditions controlling supply, it seems fairly clear to me that American sportsmanship will be a thing of the past ere many years unless Americans themselves shall, from a sense of honor, of duty, see that it is worth while to maintain their game laws and their game sanctuaries.

Laysan, with its horrible, its pitiful, story, is a lesson in type large enough for anyone to read. What does it mean?

Perhaps Laysan means the assemblage, under one department head, of the park and refuge administrative duties now so widely scattered among inefficient bureaus.

Perhaps Laysan means the creation of a commission to inquire into the establishment of more and larger sanctuaries for American native wild life.

Perhaps Laysan means the creation of a body of constabulary that shall write strange, new and honorable history in all our wilderness countries.

Perhaps Laysan means less Latin and more Anglo-Saxon in Washington. We do not care so much whether or not a fish has teeth on its vomer—whether or not a bird has nine or eleven primaries—if we are asked to find that fish or bird only in some museum, and not alive in the stream or the forest.

Perhaps Laysan means better business. Gentlemen cry: Business! Business! But there is no business. Perhaps Laysan, at last, will show us that it is business—good business—to have parks, monuments, refuges, sanctuaries, with live things in them; not dead ones.

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In the Handy Slide Box

10 *for* 5c

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A QUESTION OF CHARACTER

(Continued from Page 18)

making terms with the traction men—seen it so vividly that he was afraid to wait even another day; but the man who now stood over him was clearly not bent on a retreat. On the contrary, he was visibly running over with restless combative energy, palpably brimming with eagerness for a fray. Comprehending that in one long glance, the lawyer, by a conservation of energy that was habitual with him, silently went to put on his clothes.

It was half past three when they climbed into the waiting taxi, and as soon as they were seated Furbush explained:

"I want you to examine an ordinance for me—the ordinance under which the Suburban Trolley Company built the spur that runs down the alley between Webster Street and Calhoun Avenue—the alley that goes through the Philetus Jones Block, you know. That ordinance was passed by the village of Bentham before the village was incorporated into the city. I believe it's one of the old-fashioned, wide-open sort that permits us to build and operate any kind of railroad we want; but I've got to be sure on that point—to-night, you understand!"

Rose asked no questions then; and as Furbush offered nothing more he promptly fell asleep. The drive to the small one-story brick building beside the car barns, which housed the general offices of the Suburban Trolley Company, took forty-five minutes.

As they approached, Furbush saw another taxi standing at the curb; and Ulysses Pettingill—more solemn than ever in that chill and ghostly hour—was waiting for them on the flagging. A car-barn watchman came up as Ulysses was unlocking the office door and a lonesome patrolman joined the group for a minute. They and the two taxi drivers were the only witnesses the sleeping city afforded.

It took Ulysses some time to find the right ordinance—yellowing now and slightly dusty, the typewriter ink fading. While Rose read it Furbush smoked a cigar and moved restlessly about the office, and Ulysses dozed in a chair.

"You're right," said the lawyer. "It's the old-fashioned, village-council, wide-open sort. I don't see but that you could build any sort of road you wanted to under it."

A grin twinkled in Furbush's predatory eyes and spread to his mouth.

Sitting down beside the lawyer and pulling a pad of blank paper before him, he chuckled softly. On the pad he drew a long straight line.

"That's the elevated railroad from Grant Place, down town, out here to Webster Street—five miles of it, all completed and ready to operate. Then here comes the break between Webster Street and Calhoun Avenue, just one block—the Philetus Jones Block. Then here the elevated begins again." Leaving a space to represent the Jones Block, he drew another and shorter line. "This piece is only a little over one mile long, and it's practically all finished. On this short piece are its terminal yards, repair shop and power station; so it has cost the road over two million dollars. Without this short piece the elevated would be in quite a mess, wouldn't it?" His eyes twinkled and he chuckled again.

Dawn was coming on when they left the office. Trolley cars had begun to run out of the barn. A few vehicles and pedestrians were on the street; but instead of going home Furbush and Rose drove over to the Jones Block, round which they walked. It was not a pretty place. The Webster Street side was faced with shabby little shops and the remaining three sides with dingy apartment buildings, except that there was a long, low, rough-brick furniture-moving establishment on the west side.

The elevated railroad had already crossed Webster Street and pushed three or four rods into the block on that side. A locomotory steam crane stood at the jagged end of the structure, ready for that day's work. Over on the other side of the block construction was a little farther advanced. Saturday night, Furbush judged, should bring it almost to the alley. The unfinished work on the two sides, with heavy steel beams sticking out, looked like two hands advanced, with extended fingers almost ready to clasp.

When they were back in the taxi it lacked only a few minutes to sunrise and was almost as light as day. Furbush looked round at Rose and laughed. Presently he laughed again and observed:

"I see that I'll get to bed some time next week!"

At ten o'clock the following Saturday evening a patrolman leisurely traveling his beat looked up the alley running through the Jones Block and saw a lot of men with lanterns who seemed to be digging holes there. Dutifully he went up the alley, following the little-used street-car track, to inquire about it.

The foreman told him a gang of workmen was repairing the street-car track and exhibited a permit for the repair work, duly issued at the City Hall. Thus officially satisfied, the patrolman strolled leisurely back along the little-used track and resumed his beat.

If he had remained it might have occurred to him that the workmen were repairing the track in an odd way—that is, along each side of the alley they were digging holes about six feet deep and four feet square.

At eleven o'clock two ponderous four-horse wagons rumbled into the alley, each wagon laden with massive cubes of concrete. Before midnight these great cubes were settled and leveled in the holes the workmen had dug. Almost at the stroke of twelve the ponderous wagons reappeared, with two others like them bearing huge beams of steel; and fresh workmen swarmed in from both directions.

Much harsh noise ensued, attracting the attention of many persons thereabouts; but, after his first cursory inquiry, the patrolman did not trouble the alley again that night—a circumstance to which, later on, a sinister interpretation was given.

Mr. Pitkin, of the elevated railroad, was comfortably breakfasting at half past eight Sunday morning when he received an excited telephone message that caused him to lose all interest in food. By disregarding the speed laws he reached the Jones Block alley fifty minutes later, and found that the path of the elevated railroad was obstructed by a high steel bridge, some forty feet long.

True, the bridge was incomplete in every part, without a floor and with just rivets enough to hold it together; but there it stood squarely in the path of the elevated railroad, and before his eyes a fresh gang of workmen was putting in more rivets.

Mr. Crawford, of the elevated road, was already there; Mr. Elkins and Mr. Brooks immediately joined them. In intense indignation they held a rather breathless and flustered council of war. They must—as soon as they could—find a judge and get an injunction to prevent any further work on the structure. Meantime they must appeal to the mayor to stop it.

To reach the mayor took some time. It was, in fact, after one o'clock when the police drove the workmen away; but before that time Isidore Rose had appeared with an injunction forbidding all and sundry from molesting the structure as it stood. Just as it stood it was all that Furbush needed to block the elevated railroad—unless the road, at great expense, should go round it or above it.

True, by due process of law the obstruction might be removed; but to the elevated's counsel Isidore Rose pointed out that, under the wide-open ordinance, the Suburban Trolley could just as well have its road fifty or a hundred feet in the air as on the surface; and when it elected to put the road thirty feet in the air it was quite within its rights. It proposed, he said, to hoist that whole spur line to a like height. Of course the elevated railroad could take the case into court—and, by good luck, might get a final judgment from the Supreme Court in about a year and a half.

This exploit took up much space in the Monday morning newspapers—little other news having developed over Sunday—and it was generally opined that the long delay in the completion of the elevated road which it foreshadowed would kill the bond flotation.

That was Judge Croomb's opinion; and, though he was naturally pleased because the Unified Traction's prospective rival had received so severe a blow, he was rather disturbed and apprehensive as to what the wretch, Furbush, might have up his sleeve.

The judge was discussing that phase of it very gravely with Mr. Temple in his

Power of Will

Why is this man master? He is unarmed. The lion has the physical strength to tear him to shreds—his mouth is watering, yet he dares not. He is cowed—cowed by the man's POWER OF WILL.

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is white and pure—made of choice materials. The cake fits the hand; it floats. Its rich, creamy lather, cleansing thoroughly—is most soothing, agreeable and refreshing.
"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"
FAIRBANK

office in the Freshwater Trust Building his office hours being from ten to twelve on Mondays and Thursdays during six months of the year—when his secretary slipped in and murmured to him.

Judge Croomb looked startled for a moment; then he assumed his most Websterian expression, ominously protruding his lower lip, and said with great resolution:

"I will see him." Turning to Mr. Temple he explained: "The rogue has telephoned, asking to see me at once. Wait! We will hear what he has to say."

Furbush came in, with every appearance of a man in the greatest good humor, took a chair without being invited to do so, and addressed the judge with cool abruptness:

"I've got the elevated people tied up by the heels. I can keep 'em hanging there a year. Their bond flotation is queered and I don't believe they can stand a year's delay. Now I can make terms with the elevated men and join forces with them and fight you. That will involve building feeder lines through your territory and cutting you up as much as possible. On the other hand, I can join forces with you and force the elevated to make such terms with you that it will be under your thumb from now on. The elevated, with the Suburban Trolley and an aggressive man to run it, can hurt you a lot—or it can be a valuable ally. If you'll step over to this map," he added, rising and turning toward the wall, "I'll show how you and the elevated can work together."

It was six weeks later and Indian summer. They were sitting on the vast veranda of the Country Club, looking over the expanse of the golf links.

"I have not forgotten," said the distinguished English jurist, "a remark you made that evening. You said the trouble was that fellows of low character were given a hand in the management of great enterprises because they happened to have money or shrewdness in certain lines. You said if only men of high standing and spotless integrity were permitted to manage great corporations there would be an end of business scandals."

"Perhaps—perhaps!" said the judge hastily. "How did you like San Francisco?"

"Pardon me," said the jurist; "the point you made is one I propose to emphasize in my book on America. As an illustration, I wish to use the case of the especially disreputable blackguard you described that evening. His name escapes my memory, though I have it in my notes. He stole a street railroad—if you recall it."

"Stole!" said the judge unhappily. "I don't recall—— How beautiful the autumn leaves are over yonder! The scenery of rural England, I admit, is unsurpassed; yet, with proper care, American rural scenery may be made very attractive. When we purchased this land for the Country Club——"

The jurist listened patiently to an extended statement regarding the club's improvements and answered politely:

"Very interesting, indeed; but, recurring to the case of that blackleg—as I wish to use it in my book, you know—I just recall that the name was Furbush. Did you send him to the penitentiary?"

"Well—er—why, no; really, no," said the judge, and bent his head to explain confidentially: "You see, a very unusual situation arose. A great deal—a very great deal—depended on this—er—Mr. Furbush. Really, first and last, millions were involved. Very likely I did him injustice, not having any personal acquaintance with him, to speak of, at the time. The fact is, Mr. Furbush is now one of the directors of Unified Traction—and a very active and useful director, I must say."

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of stories by Will Payne. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Berlin After the War

ACCORDING to Bayard Veiller, there is a gifted young French architect in New York, who was talking the other day with a fellow countryman regarding the only subject two Frenchmen would naturally talk about in these times.

"Ah, but when we have won," said one of them, with Gallic impetuosity, "then Germany shall pay for making this war! What do you think we should do with Berlin?"

The artistic one pondered for a moment.

"Let us take a most brutal vengeance on Berlin," he said; "let us leave her as she is!"

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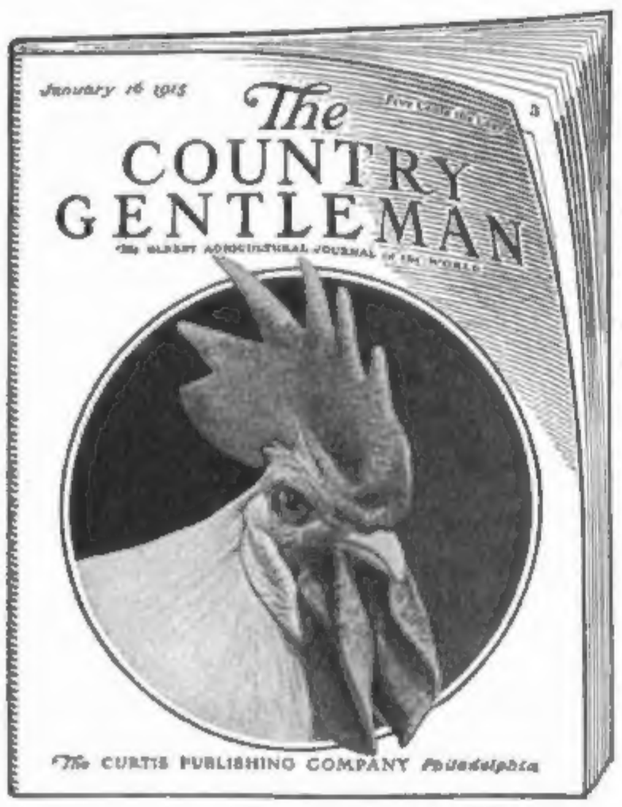

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